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GATHERING CLOUDS.

THERE seems to be a general expectation of trouble in this year 1861. The Parliament, the Exchange, the Press, and the Pulpit are full of forebodings which we would neither deepen nor despise.

At home the severity of an unprecedented winter has diminished the receipts of the poor, and untied—we rejoice to add, nobly and munificently—the purse-strings of the rich. But in spite of all so generously given and so thankfully received, there will be a *residuum* of sickness and want, and possibly of chronic discontent, which the brightest summer and the most abundant harvest will not be able wholly to remove. Should the supply of cotton fail—as it too surely will—the mills of Manchester will be compelled, some of them to work half time, and others to stand still, and some three millions, dependent on the cotton manufactures, will suffer, and bitterly, but unjustly, charge on employers what belongs to the mysterious economy of a higher level, which neither master nor servant can control. This cloud at present looks no bigger than a “man’s hand;” whether it will vanish before the winds of March, or spread and deepen, there is no prophet in England able to decide.

The sky of India is anything but bright. Irritation is general among all classes, and menaces of disturbance among the natives cannot be easily ignored. The Moslem population there, as in every portion of Asia, have a presentiment of their nearing annihilation. They think the *Giaour* is soon to supersede or absorb the faithful. This fear is stimulated by dangerous fanatics, and turned into a readiness to revolt which watches for every opportunity created by the unwatchfulness of the governing race, or the indiscretion of the local authorities. So obvious is this feature that sagacious and experienced men, like Sir John Lawrence, are anything but convinced of the near possibility of a peaceful and prosperous India. Nor is it an encouraging reflection that this splendid appendage of England threatens at this moment to be an expense instead of a contribution to the mother country. Amid very much in the heart of England to make us thankful and hopeful, he must be a blind discerner of the “signs of the times” who does not see brewing in many directions, above and beneath—on sky and sea—in finance and commerce—the elements of social—if not national—disquiet.

If we turn our eyes westward and across the Atlantic, we discover, and even feel, the vibrations and heavings of no ordinary earthquake. At present the Southern States declare it their determination to cut their connection with the Northern. The slave iniquity has at length ripened into a fearful retribution. The productive and fertile South threatens to throw off the industrial and vigorous North. If the attempt succeeds, and the convulsion rends in twain that vast continent, the shock will be felt over Europe, and freedom, and religion, and humanity will bleed at every pore. If the federal force of the Republic is employed, as is now threatened, to prevent the secession, we have, opening out in that hitherto prosperous continent, a cycle of civil war, the end of which no human sagacity can see. If the secession is quietly accomplished, the next news we may expect to hear

will be a servile war between the blacks and the whites, and the tragedy of St. Domingo enacted on a larger stage, and with greater horrors.

Nearer home and on the European continent the face of the heavens is covered up by thick banks of cloud from the steppes of Russia to the sunny plains of Italy. Garibaldi does not conceal the fact that he is maturing in Caprera a campaign which will deluge the earth with blood. He believes it his mission to rescue oppressed nationalities, and the instincts of millions point to him as the man of destiny—the unselfish and the accomplished liberator, who has a noble heart, and therefore will never want a devoted army about his standards. His emergence from Caprera will wake up and arm expectant millions who have everything to gain by success and nothing to lose but life by defeat. France looks across the channel armed to the teeth. He must be a traitor or a fool who does not expect the cloud that hangs above the Tuileries to burst somewhere. Behind commercial treaties is an army of upwards of half a million. The imperial skater on the Bois de Boulogne does not for one moment forget he has “an empire to found and a defeat to avenge.” His feet are on his skates, but his hand grasps his sword-hilt. He talks *persiflage* to ladies, while he arranges campaigns—decrees the cessation of passports, and casts rifled cannon—glorifies the English alliance, and under the covering *prestige* it gives him, builds iron-plated ships, and calls out the reserve of the empire.

Austria is in collapse. She can neither raise nor borrow a few thousand pounds. But her dying spasms will be as dangerous as her living energies in days gone by. The very vacuum created by her disappearance will rouse the most destructive tempests in Germany, and in all likelihood suck down into her vortex some of the principalities of that aggregate of kingdoms. Italy is torn by feuds generated at Rome. The partizans of Francis II. are inspired by devout friars, and goaded on to disturb what they cannot destroy, and delay that rising peace, prosperity, and freedom, which they regard as unpardonable heresies. But this plotting in the Vatican serves to force on Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel the Roman question, and to render it more and more desirable to have Rome the capital of a united Italy. The Pope will not resign his hold without a struggle, and the Rothschilds will resist his transference to Jerusalem. Russia quietly looks on, nursing her strength for the coming struggle, and making ready at the proper moment to descend from her frozen fastnesses, like an avalanche from the heights of Mont Blanc.

Turkey in Europe feels the thaw that set in years ago, and steadily dissolves. Syria comes up with troubled heart and bleeding bosom, and the imperial annexationist of kingdoms has taken military possession of that portion of the overland route to India. These are a few, and only a few, of the clouds that gather on the sky of nations. Earnestly do we wish they may break in spring showers and lasting sunshine. But the hurtling thunder, and the vivid lightnings, and the rising winds, all convince us that, whatever be in reserve of beauty or peace, it must be arrived at through storms such as have never before swept over Europe.



LORD CANNING'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

FOR some time past we have been so accustomed to a chronic deficit in the finances of India, that any fresh indication of it fails to attract attention. Whatever may be the nature of political differences in the House, every party is unanimous in the fixed determination never to acknowledge the Indian debt as a national obligation; and new loans for India are thus sanctioned with the most perfect indifference, and almost without a debate. As there is, however, scarcely a decision of Parliament which has not been reversed at some subsequent period, there can be little doubt that an imperial guarantee will be freely granted, when the Indian debt has reached an extent which threatens our position in the East, and the question of cutting India adrift comes to be balanced against the addition of a fraction of one-eighth to the national debt. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of unconcern to see that magnificent empire, and all the interests connected with it, steadily drifting into the gulf of bankruptcy.

The subject again forces itself on our attention by the financial statement recently published by the Governor-General in Council, in which it is announced that, two years after the mutiny had been quelled, the expenditure exceeded the income by 16 per cent. The revenue for 1860 is estimated at £38,000,000, with the supplement of a million as the probable return of the income-tax. The expenditure is stated at £45,500,000, leaving a deficit of not less than £6,500,000. There are other items not included in this account, which, in the opinion of the Indian press, will raise this sum to £8,000,000; the deficit of £6,500,000 may therefore be taken as the most favourable aspect of the finances. To those who care a straw for the interests of India this is a most startling admission. If this deficiency had occurred before any attempt had been made to strengthen the revenue, or to abate the expenditure, the picture would not have been so disheartening. But the deficit of 16 per cent. is presented after the resources of taxation have been well nigh exhausted, and another turn of the revenue screw might create an insurrection. It comes before us conjointly with the assurance that "no precautions have been neglected by the Government of India which could tend to enforce the most rigid economy in every branch of the administration," and after "commissions had been appointed to scrutinise charges in the principal branches of the public service, and their labours, especially those of the Military Finance Commission, had been attended with the best practical results."

Two remedies have been suggested for this evil, one of which, however, appears too uncertain, and the other too remote, to form the foundation of hope. It has been urged that we should endeavour to conciliate our native subjects by just laws, and an equitable administration, and thus place ourselves in a position to maintain the authority of Britain by the affection of the people, rather than by the agency of rifles. This is a consummation most devoutly to be wished for, but it is not very encouraging. Judged by the lofty standard of benevolence, wisdom, and equity which is assumed to distinguish our domestic institutions in England, the Indian administration must necessarily appear defective. But it is simply a historical fact that the natives of India have enjoyed more security and happiness under our rule than had been experienced in that country since the Mahomedans crossed the Indus. Yet it was after a century of such beneficent government, that an attempt was made to subvert our dominion and expel us from India. Benevolence alone, therefore, will not help us out of our difficulties. It has, moreover, been suggested that it is to the rich mine of remunerative public works that we may look with confidence for financial deliverance. But this prospect of relief is far too remote to touch the present exigency. Long before the result of public works can tell upon the deficit, it will have reached an amount which no such aid can overtake. We require some immediate and adequate remedy to check the progress of the disease. During the present year, the deficiency will be made up by having recourse to the cash balances in hand, which, through the supererogatory loans of former years, have accumulated to the extent of £19,000,000. Any deficit of the present year, unless it can be avoided by retrenchments, must be made up by fresh loans, which only serve to aggravate the evil.

The object of the Governor-General's notification is to implore the heads of departments to be moderate in their estimates. This dolorous appeal to their patriotic feelings is enforced by the allusion, on eight occasions, to the never-to-be-forgotten fact, that the Government is actually spending 16 per cent. more than its income. The servants of the State are told that any large financial results from the efforts now being made, cannot be expected from any action of the supreme Government alone, and that the united efforts of the whole body of the public servants are needed. And then they are cozened with the assurance that the Governor-General in Council can "confidently rely on the well-trying sense of duty and public spirit of the Indian service for their cordial co-operation," &c., &c. Lord Canning must have been singularly fortunate in his experience to warrant the expression of such confidence. No department in England or India has hitherto been found to propose a reduction of its expenditure, nor is such a phenomenon to be expected before the

millennium. The impulse of retrenchment must come from above, and not from below; from the master, not the servant. The Indian service is second to none in public spirit; but its members are but flesh and blood, and partake of the common weaknesses of humanity. Even the finance committee appointed by Mr. Wilson, so far from receiving the "cordial co-operation" of the service, is considered an abomination, and it is deemed a virtue to thwart its operations.

Still the case is not a hopeless one. There is a buoyancy in the resources of India which nothing but the most extraordinary recklessness can neutralize. Ten years ago the revenue amounted to £30,000,000; before the mutiny it had risen to £33,000,000. In spite of that desolating calamity it has yet farther increased to £38,000,000, without the income-tax, which the Indian financiers estimate at £1,000,000 a year. But it can scarcely fail to yield double that amount. In the three items of land revenue, funded property, and official salaries alone, there is a fund of £20,000,000 which will contribute £800,000 to the income-tax. It would be marvellous if an impost of four per cent. on the receipts of one hundred and thirty millions of people should not furnish an additional sum of £1,200,000. For the next five years, therefore, we may safely calculate on an income of £40,000,000.

With these large resources, nothing is wanting to adjust the finances of India but the enforcement of a rigid economy. During the mutiny, when the existence of the empire was at stake, every consideration of frugality was wisely postponed to the necessity of saving it from destruction. This conviction naturally created a feeling of prodigality in dealing with the funds of the State, which it is not easy to renounce, though the occasion has ceased. It is this spirit, set loose by the mutiny, and now threatening us with destruction, which it is so desirable to conjure back into the barrel. What is now required in India is not so much financial skill and dexterity as the stern determination of the central government to eradicate the profusion which the revolt engendered. Any one who remembers the unflinching vigour with which Lord William Bentinck carried out his economical reforms, amidst a storm of obloquy, not by humbly supplicating his subordinates, but by the exercise of that omnipotent authority inherent in his station, will concur with us in the conclusion that in his hands such a financial chaos would speedily have been reduced to order, and the deficit converted into a surplus.

To come to figures. The civil expenditure has increased since the mutiny by £4,000,000. Of this sum, £2,000,000, consisting, unhappily, of interest on the new loans which have been contracted, admit of no diminution; the remainder presents a legitimate field for the exercise of a virtuous economy. It is in the military department, however, that extravagance has become most rampant. On the 21st of May last, the total number of native troops in Bengal was 153,627, with 50,300 Europeans to keep them from doing mischief. Perhaps there is no official vagary recorded in history more preposterous than that cherished by the authorities in India of maintaining a native army larger by one-half than that which had just shaken the empire to its centre. The experience of the last three years in Calcutta shows how much easier it is to subdue a rebellion than to conquer a crotchet. Sir Patrick Grant, the Commander-in-Chief at Madras, was for many years Adjutant-General of the Bengal army, and few men are better acquainted with the military exigencies of the country. He has affirmed that the European force in the Bengal Presidency might safely be reduced by 10,700 men, and the native army by 99,227. Mr. Wilson stated last year that the cost of the military and police force in India was £20,000,000. The Military Finance Committee consider that £12,000,000 would be sufficient for both. It is not necessary to go to the full extent of these suggestions to perceive how large a margin remains for substantive reductions, which would conduce equally to the security of the empire and the relief of its finances. If the mutiny has imposed the necessity of additional expenditure, the £5,000,000 of clear revenue—after providing for the new charge of interest—which have been added to the income since the mutiny, ought to be sufficient to cover it.

In reviewing the financial statement of the Indian Government, it must not be forgotten that the expenditure of £45,500,000 includes a large item, probably to the extent of £1,500,000 for Indian railways. Down to the present period, they have materially assisted the Government of India in seasons of difficulty by their surplus capital. But the case is now reversed, and they have become a dead weight on its movements. The money market in England has been so completely deluged with Indian securities of one kind and another, that the railway companies are no longer able to raise farther capital, even on a guarantee of five per cent. from the India House. The bucket has gone so often to the well, that it comes back empty. Lord Canning is, therefore, under the necessity of advancing the funds necessary for the completion of the lines, and the interest on the capital already expended. The impoverished exchequer of India is thus burdened with a new and anomalous claim for funds, which ought to be drawn from the exuberant fountain of English capital; and, at a time when railroads in India should be pushed on with tenfold energy, to increase the supply of cotton, and enable us to meet the crisis across the

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Atlantic, which now stares us in the face, the Governor-General states that he has "curtailed the expenditure on railways." If the sum they require from the Indian treasury be deducted from the deficit, there will remain only £4,000,000 to be dealt with, and—oh, for a twelvemonth of Lord William Bentinck!

THE WAR IN THE SPRING.

WHEN Garibaldi left Naples, more than two months ago, he parted from his army with an address which should have the effect not of disbanding them, but of sending them into winter quarters. So clear were his own views upon the inevitable necessity of a conflict in spring which should engage the services of every Italian patriot, so decided his determination of heading a movement which he believed absolutely indispensable to the ultimate liberation of his country, that, doubtless, had the organization of the force which he commanded been different—had it been an army not depending upon its own resources, but equipped and supported from without, it would have remained up to this moment a compact body, preparing during the winter months for the coming campaign. The attempt which he made to have it incorporated into the Piedmontese army having failed, nothing remained but for each volunteer to go home, and quietly await the call of his chief. It was a fortunate thing for Garibaldi and for Italy that events forced upon the army of independence this course. To have been placed under the orders of the Piedmontese Minister of War, and to have become part of the military system of that country, would have deprived the man upon whom alone the freedom of Italy depends, of all independence of action, and paralyzed the liberal movement throughout the Peninsula. The course which the Piedmontese Government adopted, of ignoring the claims of the Garibaldians, and refusing to entertain their demand to be added to the army of the State upon their own terms, has been one which is calculated to render the Turin Cabinet more subservient than ever to the influences it desired to control. The only way by which they could have hoped to have deprived the Garibaldian army of its power and its prestige, would have been to have made it Piedmontese; this an unworthy jealousy restrained them from doing, and the consequences will be that in a few weeks his old followers will again rally round the standard of their chief, reinforced by thousands, stimulated by the successes and attracted by the glories of the last campaign, and a national army will be formed whose operations will be conducted independently of the Piedmontese Government, while the army of that State, if not absolutely inactive, will play the same subordinate part which has already fallen to its lot at Naples. That disappointment, which Garibaldi felt so deeply at the time, those insults which roused the ire of every patriot soldier, and sent him back to his home burning with indignation against the State he had increased by his victories, has only served to make every man more Italian and less Piedmontese, and has weakened throughout the Peninsula an influence which, so long as it is subservient to France, bodes no good to the cause of Italian liberty.

Meantime the temporary retirement of Garibaldi and his followers has excited hopes in some quarters of a postponement, if not an avoidance, of any campaign in spring. No effort has been spared to thwart the design of the patriot general, but only those who are blinded by their prejudices, or biassed by their hopes, could have imagined that the skill and the tactics of diplomacy were to prevail against the will and the destiny of Garibaldi. There was, indeed, a time when the greatest fatalist in Europe seemed so far to have forgotten his own creed, as to think that the rival star was to be eclipsed by a still brighter lustre, and that his was still to shine supreme. If he ever really believed that by the operations of his fleet at Gaeta, he could check the inevitable course of events, that dream has been dispelled, and yielding to a force he could not control, he has at length abandoned the last phase of a policy which must ever remain tortuous. Disguise it as we may, shrink from its consequences as affecting the peace of all Europe as we will, the war in spring must take place, in spite of the Emperor Napoleon, who hopes to render Italy powerless by fostering internal dissensions; in spite of Count Cavour, who talks of confining Garibaldi as a dangerous character; in spite of Baron Von Schmerling, who is forcing his master into giving the Hungarians all they ask; in spite of Lord John Russell, who is imploring Austria to sell Venetia, and everybody to keep the peace; in spite of all these powerful influences, they will prove no more than the mists of the morning, which a man in a red shirt, rising sunlike on the political horizon, will dispel in an hour.

Then those who are sufficiently alive to the importance of following events which it is impossible to control, will abandon the obstructive policy. We shall have the Emperor coming forward as the saviour of Hungary, having previously secured himself against a war with Russia in its behalf, by arrangements anticipating certain ulterior contingencies in Turkey; we shall have the Piedmontese Government dragged like an obstinate mule into the fray, and left to knock its hard head against the walls of Mantua and Verona, which Garibaldi will carefully leave for its especial behoof. We shall ourselves

remain silent but not unmoved spectators of a struggle, in which our sympathies and our interests will be constantly at variance, and the ultimate results of which cannot but be disastrous to ourselves. To assist in bringing about these results, we shall furnish volunteer excursionists with limited political foresight, considerable ardour, and a profound contempt for discipline. It would be premature to speculate upon the nature of the campaign which is about to open in the spring, or to attempt to predicate except in a general way the *modus operandi* of the Patriot general. Those who know him will give him credit for adopting a plan of operations which his enemies are the least likely to anticipate; and we may rest assured that an attack on the Quadrilateral, with the irregular force he commands, and which must be always ill-supplied with artillery and the *materiel* of war, is the farthest from his thoughts. Whether he will proceed to Hungary direct, and endeavour to pass volunteers into that country by way of the Danube; or whether he will effect a landing on the coast of Dalmatia, are questions which cannot now be decided. We should be strongly disposed to conjecture that the latter will be the more probable course of action. On many grounds it has been considered advisable that the Hungarian movement should be left to Hungarians themselves, for that warlike race supplies first-rate soldiers and competent generals.

The attention of the Austrian Government has been recently turned to the defence of the Dalmatian coast, and the garrisons of the district have of late been largely reinforced. Between Fiume and Cattaro, however, are a number of excellent harbours, all of which it is impossible to fortify, and where a landing could be effected with safety by any army having, as doubtless Garibaldi will have, the command of the sea. The upper classes in Dalmatia are by no means well disposed towards the Austrian Government, though the peasantry are too rude and ignorant to appreciate the evils of the system under which they live.

Except at Rajuca, where the traditions of a once flourishing republic are not fifty years old, there is no large section of the inhabitants sufficiently antagonistic to the ruling dynasty to be regarded as a sympathetic population. The country itself is barren and mountainous, intersected by only one military road, and hemmed in between the mountain ranges of the Herzegovine and the sea. Doubtless in this latter Turkish province, if Garibaldi agitated the Christian population against their Mussulman rulers, he might expect some assistance, but the opposition of the Turkish Government would be a dangerous element to invoke under the circumstances. He would find it a safer policy to seek to conciliate the Turkish Government, who would be wise to avoid the pretext for foreign interference which internal revolutionary movements would supply to powers eagerly desiring the dissolution of the empire. On these grounds we would deprecate a movement on Cattaro, which should have for its object the co-operation of the Montenegrines, who regard this contingency as probable, and are anxiously awaiting an Italian descent upon the coast within a few miles of their confines, as in return for assistance which would doubtless be valuable, they would expect the port and harbour of Cattaro itself.

We incline rather to think that the portion of the coast most favourable to a landing, would be in the neighbourhood of Zengg or Fiume, from whence the distance to the Hungarian frontier is not great, and the Louisan Strasse or military road traverses Croatia, a country thoroughly disaffected and ready to rise. The Croatian Greuzers, a frontier corps consisting of 80,000 men, are considered by the national party pledged to desertion; and if Garibaldi can effect a landing in this neighbourhood, and, with the assistance of this force, overcome the opposition which the Austrians will offer, and move either upon Trieste or Agram, while Piedmont is attacking the Quadrilateral in face, while the Hungarians are in widespread revolt, and the Hungarian section of the Austrian army, amounting to upwards of 100,000 men, joins the insurgents, the issue of the struggle cannot long remain doubtful. There is yet another plan of operations open to Garibaldi, which is to attack Venice from the side of the Italian Tyrol; nor are the strategic difficulties which oppose themselves to a campaign round the head of the Lake of Garda of a nature seriously to embarrass a guerilla force. But these are all points of comparative detail; we have sketched in outline the probable nature of the spring campaigns. If events prove us to have been wrong in these speculations, and peace and diplomacy triumph, we shall sincerely rejoice at a result which will best promote the interests of our own country.

OUR LAST CONVICT COLONY.

WE have but one convict colony remaining to us; this we are ceasing to employ, and we are founding no other; and yet transportation beyond the seas for life, or for terms of years, is still a legal penalty, solemnly awarded to convicted criminals. The judges complain that the statute law compels them to pass a sentence that is always partially, often wholly, commuted into another; and that they thus do not really know what degree of punishment they are measuring out, the legal sentence having been changed by mere

official "regulations." A government department has, in fact, set aside the law of the land; and our masses of ruffianism and rascality are kept at home, in patent prisons, in well warmed cells, under glass roofs, to be cultivated into honest men by a forcing process, not unlike that which produces prize cucumbers. Unfortunately, the criminals are, for the most part, turned out before they ripen into rectitude and industry, and as "ticket of leavers," instead of founding new provinces at the Antipodes, are doing a little burglary or murder at Stepney, or robbery, accompanied with violence, on the Camberwell-road.

The "Department" has again got into a rut, and "use and wont" are working their usual evil, when much good might be secured by a little rational action. Because the Criminal Administration was beaten out of one perversity, it is not necessary it should fall into another. It continued to send convicts to rich and flourishing colonies that had outgrown the need of enforced labour, and where the influx of the criminal element had, by the improving influence of time, become a curse. A violent agitation and a strongly organized "League" in New South Wales and Victoria, at last refused to receive any more convicts, fully and very plainly stating their "reasons why." With that amazing want of judgment, which only "Departments" can exhibit, cargoes of criminals were then sent to the Cape of Good Hope,—a colony still older, more settled, and at that time wealthier, than the two that had objected to the system by which they were made the dust-bin and great sewer of the empire.

Something very like a rebellion settled the question at the Cape of Good Hope. Ever since, the Department has taken it for granted that the transportation of convicts is impracticable; and we are now dealing with our criminals by a confused system of probationary imprisonments, possible shortening of sentences, prospective transportation for a few of the selected, and a lottery of "tickets of leave," in which the prizes are often gained by the scoundrels who can best assume the externals of repentance. A man sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, as a desperate character, was caught, some time since, at liberty, and operating on a plate chest at the end of four years and a half! The present practice and its results are full of mischief.

It is not true that the transportation of criminals has been a failure. There are few things in human history that have succeeded so well. Select the country—and the world is wide,—with a due regard to its climate, and continue to supply it with rough labour, up to the proper stage of its development, and you may build up a new empire with the very same elements that, kept at home, will do much to drag down an old one. The two Australian colonies that now pour such millions of gold annually into our banks, that are greater sources of wealth than India, which we are obliged to feed with coin, were founded by convict labour. The only mistake made by the Government was continuing to force it on them, long after they cried, "Hold, enough!" But the continent of Australia, for so it may be called, is vast enough to contain colonies of all stages of growth.

Far from the present centres of population, far from the gold regions of the East, on its distant western coast, is a settlement ready and anxious to receive the evil doers that so perplex us at home. There they would be useful to the world, and find it, on the whole, far less harsh to themselves than it is here—where, if a man has forfeited his station by crime, he has lost all, with the slenderest chance of recovery. Western Australia is petitioning for convict labour, and there the "ticket-of-leaver" would not be a terror. Why should not that settlement receive what we can so well spare? We can perceive no sound reason why it should not; the settlers ask it as a boon; what is there so precious in rascality that we should keep it in our bosom? Out with it, and let it do some work that shall be an expiation to society.

The refuse that would deform and pollute the fair lawns and trim gardens of civilization makes very good "filling in" for foundations; and when so many thousands voluntarily emigrate, there is no excessive cruelty in making expatriation, with forced labour, in a new world, the punishment of those who have forfeited the rights of honest men in the old one.

THE TURNPIKE BARBARISM.

IF tax-gatherers or excisemen were appointed to collect the duty on wines and spirits at a man's dinner or supper-table, at the very moment of consumption, it would scarcely be a more stupid or vexatious mode of proceeding than that adopted in this country for the collection of the funds necessary for the construction and maintenance of the highways. Independently of the obstruction to locomotion, the turnpike system has the signal disadvantage of rendering necessary the erection of great numbers of toll-houses, to impede the traffic, and the employment, throughout England alone, of from 8,000 to 10,000 persons, whose sole business it is to open and shut gates and annoy the traveller. Were the necessary revenues raised by a road tax, a horse tax, a waggon, cart, and carriage tax, or a parochial rate, the collector of the poor rates or of the assessed taxes could, without any additional labour or trouble to himself, do the work of a hundred and fifty toll men. In this case the money now

partially devoted to the maintenance of swarms of comparatively idle and utterly unproductive servants, could be wholly devoted to the maintenance of the roads; and besides giving increased employment to many hard-working men, would provide cheaper if not better means of locomotion over all the highways and byways of the land.

The absurdity of the existing system has long been admitted even in rural districts, and many efforts have been made to abolish it. Nor have these efforts been made in vain. In several counties in Scotland there are no tolls, though there are roads as excellent as ever were made by the industry of man. In some parts of South Wales, also, the mounted traveller may journey for a whole day without meeting the old familiar nuisance of a pike-man. Ireland, too, although she may still boast a long catalogue of speculative miseries, both ethnological and theological, has been free for the last three years from the toll-barbarism that afflicts her Sassenach sister. It required a very long time and the expenditure of a vast amount of patriotic energy to obtain Roman Catholic emancipation, but toll emancipation was very speedily and very easily accomplished. In the Session of 1854 a Royal Commission was issued to inquire into the nuisance of the Dublin toll-gates; and in the following year an Act was passed to abolish them. In the same year (1855) was issued a Royal Commission to inquire into the operation of the toll system throughout Ireland generally, and such rapid progress was made that in the next year (1856) the Government passed an abolition Act for the whole of the Green Isle. In 1857 all the gates were removed, with no detriment to the roads, and no increased burden on the tax-paying community,—but with great increase of comfort to every traveller in vehicle or on horseback, and diminution of cost to every farmer or grazier who had to send his produce or cattle to the nearest market-town. Of course a grievance that was felt in a city like Dublin and a country like Ireland, could not but be felt with still greater severity in such a bustling metropolis as London, and such a "go-a-head" country as England. In the metropolitan boroughs and the suburbs of London, more especially, the toll system was found to act, not only as a nuisance to all who travelled by omnibus, cab, or private vehicle, or who took horse exercise for their health or pleasure, but as a serious depreciation of all house property situated, and of all trade carried on beyond the turnpike limits.

But London is a slow place to move in any matter of public improvement, where private interests do not happen to be largely at stake; and it was not until Ireland had been well nigh freed from the obstructions that a metropolitan deputation waited upon Lord Palmerston on the subject. This was on the 20th May, 1857, and his lordship having heard what the deputation had to say, consigned the matter to Earl Granville. In July the latter took an opportunity of informing the public that the subject was under the consideration of the Government. Early in 1858 the House of Commons passed unanimously a resolution that there should be an inquiry preparatory to a removal of all gates and bars within a circuit of six miles round London; and in July of that year a Royal Commission was appointed to consider the subject in all its bearings. It took these Commissioners exactly one year to hear evidence and make their report, which, as far as we can judge of it, must be held to be strongly in favour of abolition if a substitute can be found. On the latter point there can be no real difficulty if the Government be in earnest; for it has not only the experience of all Ireland, but of parts of Scotland and Wales, to guide it, as well as the practical common sense which it would be a libel on the Government to deny its possession of on any matter whatever, much more on one so simple as this. But surely three years, considering the celerity with which a similar act of legislation was carried through for Ireland, is rather too long a time for the settlement of the metropolitan question?

The matter evidently rests with Sir George Cornewall Lewis. It is his carriage which stops the way, and not any mere entanglement of red tape. We draw his attention to the fact, that he may redeem the promise made by Lord Palmerston to the late respected chairman of the Anti-Toll Committee:—that if he continued in power the matter should be finally disposed of in the session of 1861. The question of the abolition of tolls throughout all England hangs, to some extent, upon that of London; and both of them, to use a common phrase, "clamour for solution."

Perhaps it will be a little encouragement to the Government to proceed, in addition to that derivable from the example of Dublin, to be told that the city of Hamburg has resolved to endure no longer the evil of toll-gates. "The ancient feudal custom," says a recent letter, "of locking the gates at night for the purpose of exacting the payment of a toll on all persons, horses, and carriages after dark, generally known as the *Thorsperre*, died a natural death on the expiration of the old year. The abolition of this very unpopular tax is due to the firmness and perseverance of the new *bürgerschaft*, who resolutely resisted on three separate occasions the proposal made to them by the old senate to prolong it, on the plea of the revenue being necessary for the finances of the Republic."

We shall not discuss at present the timid recommendations of the Royal Commissioners as to the substitutes to be provided in the metropolitan district. That is a matter for after consideration and

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arrangement. The first thing to be done is to abolish the wasteful and obstructive system, for which no one has a good word to say. The means of keeping up the roads will not be wanting in a country alike so wealthy and so practical. A toll at Hammersmith, St. John's Wood, or Islington, is as much a barbarism as it would be in Cheapside.

STRENGTH OF STATES.

THE great political changes now in progress on the Continent make the relative and positive strength of different States a subject of great public interest. We have accordingly compiled from the "Gotha Almanack," for 1861, which publishes much statistical information in a condensed form, the following table, corrected generally to the beginning of July last, of the extent of territory, number of people, military force, and pecuniary resources of some of the principal States of Europe. The republic of the United States and the empire of China also now attract much attention, but we could not include them and the others within the compass of a newspaper article. We limit ourselves therefore to six European States, including our own beloved country, with which we are all naturally better acquainted than with any other, to supply a standard for judging of the others.

STATES.	Extent of territory in square geographical miles.	Total Population.	Military and Naval forces.	Revenue.	National Debt.
Great Britain	5,806	27,074,537 ¹	314,354 ⁷	£71,485,586	£805,078,554
Austria	11,751.41	35,040,810 ²	632,013 ⁸	26,080,000	226,800,000
France	10,034.9	36,746,432 ³	786,361 ⁹	73,600,000	373,000,000
Prussia	5,103.97	17,739,913 ⁴	423,684 ¹⁰	18,630,000 ¹¹	39,910,000
Russia	353,236.87	71,243,616 ⁵	577,859 ¹¹	49,400,000 ¹²	27,913,000
Spain	9,020.03	14,957,575 ⁶	248,233 ¹²	18,927,000	134,400,000

¹ Enumerated in 1851. ² In 1857. ³ In 1856. ⁴ In 1858. ⁵ In 1856. ⁶ In 1857. ⁷ Includes coast-guard, but not militia nor volunteers. ⁸ The war footing guards, staff, militia, and Tyrol volunteers not included. ⁹ War footing, includes 23,590 for the marine. ¹⁰ War footing, includes Landwehr and 818 for the marine. ¹¹ Peace footing, excludes Cossacks and other irregulars. For campaign of 1854, the extraordinary levy was of 372,000. ¹² Includes 15,515 for marine. ¹³ Reckoning 7 thalers to the £. ¹⁴ Reckoning the ruble at 3s. 3d.

We have not included Italy in our statistical table, though at present an object of great interest, because the Almanack, which refers only to States, does not mention Italy separately. Moreover, Italian States are so much changed since the Almanack was compiled, and are now changing so fast, that we must content ourselves with a brief notice of Italy. It contains about 26,000,000 people, nearly 10,000,000 of whom are now under the Sardinian Government, 8,700,000 are in Naples and Sicily, nearly 2,000,000 in Tuscany, 3,000,000 in the States of the Church, and 2,400,000 are in the territory which still acknowledges the dominion of Austria. Tuscany and the Two Sicilies, already in the possession of Sardinia, will probably remain permanently under its dominion with a large portion of the States of the Church, embracing in all a population of about 22,000,000. Although in remote ages the people of Italy were of different origin—Greeks, Romans, or natives of Italy, Goths, Visigoths, Lombards, &c. &c.—they have for several ages spoken dialects of one language; and though amongst them are great differences of dialect, there is in Italy no separate and distinct language spoken distinct from the Italian like the Magyar in the Austrian dominions, and the Gaelic in our own. The Italians have all a common literature, and Italian, chiefly the Toscan dialect, is the language of books in Palermo and Naples as in Turin and Milan. For ages, too, they have all, with scarcely an exception—the inhabitants of a few valleys in Piedmont—professed the Roman Catholic religion. Long ago the diverse races have been amalgamated by a common civilization, but different governments have kept them apart and estranged. Now they are ripe to unite under one government, and may become a great and prosperous people. In truth, a comparative want of prosperity lies at the bottom of their demands for unity and improved administration. They have a glorious country, full of physical resources and physical beauty, and what place they shall occupy in the scale of nations will depend exclusively on the people.

The above figures and other statistical information will not give us an adequate conception of the condition and strength of the different countries; we must take into consideration many other circumstances. We know, for example, that we have in Ireland a weak point, because the Irish are, in the main, unacquainted with other arts than those of agriculture—practising these imperfectly, and because they profess a religion at variance with the religion of the State and the religion generally of the rest of the empire. The State can neither obtain as large a revenue from Ireland in proportion to its population, nor be as sure of loyal service as from the rest of the empire. The Irish, in a measure, live under coercion, and to be obliged to coerce a portion of our own population causes a waste of the national strength. We have heard too much lately of the Magyars, Czechs, Croats, &c., making demands on the Austrian Government not to be aware that the strength of every empire stands in close relationship to the homogeneity and willing services of all its people. We may be aware, too, from the example of the Irish, that the continental people who approximate by their physical condition, acquainted only with agricultural arts, and practising them imperfectly, or are even less advanced than the Irish, cannot give as much strength to an empire as an equal number of English, French, or Americans. On these grounds we must now speak of the people of these different countries according to their nationality, their religion, and the degree of their civilization.

The strength of France exceeds that of Austria, as represented by population, in proportion as her people are more homogeneous. They are all Frenchmen, even the Bretons and the Provençaux, and all, except some few of the former, who still, like our own Celts, speak their original language, use the language of the State. Like the Italians, too, they are nearly all Catholics. Out of 36,746,432 people, only 487,179 are Protestants, and 268,925 Jews. The great revolution, and the brilliant successes of Buonaparte, dazzling and delighting the suffering people, did more than a century of Bourbon rule to make them one and indivisible. Then all local bonds were rent asunder, and France was made strong by the compact union of her people. Let us add

that her Algerian territory extends over 710,750 square geographical miles, and contains 2,677,973 persons, of whom 2,677,963 are Mahomedans; and she has a colonial territory in Senegal, Pondicherry, and America, of 8,000 square geographical miles, and a population of 963,253.* Her mercantile marine, her trade, and her manufactures, are all proportionably much greater than those of Austria; her people are more advanced, profess a more varied industry, and hence, as compared to Austria, with a population as 36.7 to 35, she has a revenue of 73.6 to 26.

The population of the Austrian empire consists of little more than 2,000,000 Austrians; and the whole of their connections—all the population of the German race in the whole empire, scattered through Bohemia, Hungary, the Tyrol, Moravia, &c., is only 7,889,925, while the Slavonic race to the north numbers 10,886,272, and to the south 3,936,274; the Roumains, including Italians, to the west (Italy), are 2,985,854, and to the east, Dalmatia, Hungary, and Servia, 2,642,953. The Magyars or Hungarians are 4,947,134, and all the other races are 1,217,617. Hungary constitutes in extent of surface more than one-fourth of all the Austrian territories. Now these various peoples, though most of them have long been subjected to the Austrian sceptre, have never been amalgamated. They have not even had one form of government, and they use different languages. The Hungarians, the Transylvanians, the Croats, the Italians, have each had a peculiar government. The chieftainship of the German empire, which Austria long enjoyed, seems to have made its statesmen think little of making the population all Austrian. The bulk of them, however, 23,960,005, are Roman Catholics; 6,457,077 belong to the Greek Church; 13,250 are Armenians; 3,233,486 are Protestants; 1,056,036 are Jews; and 3,955 profess other creeds. The chief bond of these people is the Roman Catholic religion, but this bond is very different for the Austrians, the Italians, and the Hungarians. It is doubtful whether the real power of the Government, as a system of coercion founded on using one of these races against the other, has not come to an end, and whether some new system will not now necessarily supplant the enfeebled and decayed rule of the House of Hapsburgh.

Prussia, like Austria, has a somewhat divided population. The bulk is German, but about 3,000,000 are Poles, and 4,000,000 on the Rhine, though Germans, do not naturally belong to Prussia; many of them are as much French as German. The principal religion of the State is the Protestant; but the Roman Catholics number 6,618,979, and the Protestants 10,848,510. In general, the Germans are extremely tolerant, whatever faith they profess, or such a division might be inimical to the peace and strength of the kingdom. Both Prussia and Austria are members of the Germanic Confederation, which, including that portion of their territories which is German, contains 43,391,797 people, and extends over 11,437,16 square geographical miles of territory, and has an army, including Austrian and Prussian contingents, of 600,000 men. It is only, however, under some extraordinary circumstances that all the thirty-five States, who have seventeen representatives in the Diet, can be actuated by one common interest. The States and people may be all German, having a common language and literature, though the dialects, such as the low German and the Swabian, are extremely different, but they have different governments, always jealous and often inimical to one another. The German Confederation cannot be relied on as a barrier against either France or Russia.

Russia possesses a more united people than Austria. The bulk are Slaves—properly Russians, and follow the State religion, which is Greek Christianity. Of the 71,243,616 people, only 9,344,000 do not belong to the State Church. Of these, 2,750,000 are Roman Catholics, 14,000 Armenians, 380,000 belong to the United Greek Church, 2,000,000 are Lutherans, 2,750,000 are Mahomedans, 1,250,000 are Israelites, and 20,000 are Buddhists. The inhabitants of all Russia are, in the main, cultivators of the ground, she has comparatively few ships, few manufactures, and little trade. Hence, with a territory far greater than all the other States mentioned put together, and a population twice as large as France, its revenue is only two-thirds as great. Nor is there now any fear, as of old, that this vast territory will ever teem with countless millions, capable of subduing the millions more closely condensed in the more civilized parts of Europe. Modern experience has made us aware that the increase of population is not exclusively dependent on territory, the population of England having in latter years increased proportionably faster than that of Russia; and that, for a population to increase very rapidly, like that of England and the United States, it is necessary that the people should know and practise a variety of arts besides that of agriculture.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, 23d January.

THIS, at all events, is something worth going to hear—or ought to be so!—a new opera of Verdi's! And truly the other night, the long-deserted, or I should rather say ill-inhabited *Opera Italien*, was filled with faces and names it had for many years been a stranger to. There was the fair Countess M—, with the black eyes and flaxen hair, and Madame de G—, with the black robes that show off her pearly skin, and the Duchesse de M—, who, though so very young, has taken to wear rouge, like her great grandmother, and Madame D—, who has not been, I believe, in that theatre since the Revolution of '48; and there was M. Thiers, at the back of his wife's box, with his eagle nose and spectacles, making every one turn round, between the acts, at the sound of his curiously-cracked voice, and sinking into the deepest slumbers the moment the curtain rose. There were really in that house the other night ghosts of the past. I am sorry to be obliged to add that there were also some such on the stage—Mario, for instance. But let us proceed with method, and begin at the beginning. Verdi's new composition, "Un Ballo in Maschera," is simply a manner of translation of the famous opera of "Gustave." It was to be given in Naples two years since, the scene having been changed from Stockholm to Boston (!), and the part of *Gustave* to that of a Yankee! Something prevented it, and in a most wonderfully mutilated shape, it made its appearance in Rome, and achieved

* We have not adverted to our own colonial empire, which is the vastest ever possessed by a State, not even excluding Spain, which now retains, of all her once great colonial possessions, only Cuba, Porto Rica, and the Philippine Islands.

a great success. Fraschini was the tenor, and well may he be styled a *tenore di forza*; for a man should be an ox to carry such a role through. For this reason poor Mario broke down altogether on the first night, and has never yet been able to execute the part of the injured husband's faithless friend as he ought to do. On the first night, in the last act, he so entirely broke down that he simply shrugged his shoulders, turned his back to the audience, and walked up the stage!

I cannot say much either for Alboni, who has the part of the *Sorceress*, and who shuffles through it as if it were a matter of the most perfect indifference to her. But for Madame Penco all praise must be justly reserved. She is admirable from first to last; and, certainly, if this new work is given in London next season, I can safely predict that few greater *successes* will be achieved.

The "*Ballo in Maschera*" is decidedly one of Verdi's very best operas—one taking rank with "*Ernani*," the "*Trovatore*," and "*Rigoletto*"—one of those in which all his originality and intense vitality are to be found. Verdi never wrote a more beautiful *morceau* than the prayer addressed to her husband by *Amalia*, the guilty wife; nor a finer concerted piece than the trio of the second act.

The proof that this new opera is an "event," as the French say, is, that it has been talked of now, when nothing is talked of save the coming reception at the Académie Française of the Père Lacordaire by M. Guizot. Your readers may not be aware that every newly-elected academicien has to be "received" by the academicien who happened to be trimestrial director of the learned body when the member expired whose panegyric the new member has to pronounce. This is always a great ceremony, to which "all Paris" rushes with the wildest eagerness; but this time the frenzy for tickets is something quite insane. There are reasons for this:—First, Lacordaire is the man who is "received," Guizot is the man who "receives" him, and the ever-to-be-lamented Tocqueville is the man of whom both orators are to speak. These three reasons would really be sufficient to account for the tremendous run made upon the *cartes d'entrée*; but I am sorry to say I do not believe (unless in a few exceptional cases) in the potency of either of the three. I am afraid the extraordinary attraction of the *séance* of next Thursday lies in the gross, material fact of Father Lacordaire's white monk's robe! I am afraid it is the "scenic effect" to be produced by the Dominican's gown, and cowl, and rosary, and shorn crown, that acts in this irresistible manner upon the nerves of the expectant Parisians. It is a "spectacle"—they must have a "spectacle" they are mad for, but it is merely a "spectacle" like the "*Massacres de Syrie*," or Emma Livry in the new ballet—it is only that!

"If the Palais de l'Industrie were the *locale* instead of the Institut," observed M. Guizot the other day, "it would not be large enough to hold all those who ask for tickets." And M. Guizot says a great many other things besides, and "all Paris" is just now busy repeating them. M. Guizot says, for instance, that his discourse "is more *monacal* than Father Lacordaire's;" and he also is reported to have whispered that the eloquent Dominican friar had been "so busy pruning away his defects, that he had scarcely left any of his qualities." And all these things "all the world" is just now going about repeating; and the uninitiated will ask, "How does M. Guizot know anything about Father Lacordaire's speech, which has not yet been spoken?" There is the mistake; these grand ceremonies have their rehearsals like other plays, and there has been a rehearsal of the *séance* of the 24th before a small and "select congregation," and those who were present do not express themselves enthusiastically about either discourse. However, when the *grand jour* comes, you shall hear of all its details.

This "reception" naturally leads one back to one of its principal objects, M. de Tocqueville. The two volumes of his unedited works, and of a portion of his correspondence, have appeared within these few days, and a more remarkable book has not, for a very long time past, engaged the public attention. There are many comments, however, to be made about the kind of sensation created by this book. Everybody buys it, and reads, or tries to read it, because it is thought "the right thing" to do so; but nobody in France (except a very, very small set of men), likes or can like a book which is in every line a condemnation of themselves. The mournful disgust Alexis de Tocqueville cannot, in nearly all his letters, avoid showing for his countrymen, is a very marked feature both of the book and of the man, but it is not a feature likely to please the vainest people upon earth.

In one of his letters to Gustave de Beaumont (the editor of the volumes) poor Tocqueville says: "Everything that goes on now is revolting to me; and not only do the deeds shock me, but the manner of their doing. I am sad unto death, and I should be grieved for myself if I could be less so." The date of this is some time after the *coup d'état*. In another of his later letters, some two or three years after the first one I have quoted, Tocqueville, speaking of his ever-increasing unsociable habits, says he cannot associate with his countrymen, for that every day that passes over estranges him more from them: "their pleasures, feelings, opinions, none of them are mine," he exclaims. "They have not the same notions of right and wrong—we have, they and I, every day less and less in common." Now, if ever a condemnation was passed on France—moral, social, and political France—it is this, for if ever modern France possessed a high-minded gentleman, a true, refined, and Christian gentleman, an upright, honest, straightminded man, and a great citizen and sworn lover of freedom and every liberal idea, it was Tocqueville. There is everywhere a *cream* of good things; and uppermost on all that is good in France (which neither spreads wide nor lies deep) there is that which is best—of the very best—perhaps himself the *one best*—was poor Tocqueville. It is a perfectly true, though not a flattering remark for France, that wherever she counts a man distinguished, intellectually or morally, she counts a mourner over her fallen state, a despoiler of the noisy, gaudy, sham "glory," by which she is trying to cheat the world, and compensate to herself for every other gain.

I do not know of a more intensely interesting book than this of Tocqueville's. I do not know of any so uncompromisingly inimical to the French, or of any that I would so earnestly desire our own countrymen to read.

FACTS AND RUMOURS.

A RECESS singularly barren in matters of home politics is rapidly approaching its termination. The cards are out for the Ministerial dinners, at which the Queen's speech is to be read. A few M.P.'s, like the early swallows, have arrived in town for the season. Next week the main army will follow. Town mansions are being aired and put in order, and much unpacking of *impedimenta* from van and waggon is visible at the West-end.

Mr. Bright is to deliver to his constituents, on the 29th, a speech which, in the last generation, when such anticipations were unknown, would have been reserved for the debate on the Address. Mr. Bright's opinions on finance, a reduction of war expenditure, and foreign policy, will, no doubt, be awaited with interest. The hon. member has been unusually reticent during the recess, but he is, we hear, prepared to accuse the Government of flagrant unfaithfulness to its responsibilities if the question of parliamentary reform be allowed to fall to the ground, or, in other words, to lapse into the hands of popular leaders. Sir Francis Baring's suggestion of bit-by-bit reform is said, however, to be not unpopular among the Whigs.

The latest rumour about the Reform Bill is, that the Government will bring in a bill dealing simply with the franchise, and leaving the redistribution of seats to a new Parliament. The old and moderate Whigs of the Ellice and Black section, who have their representatives in the Cabinet, have been urging a £7 rental instead of £6, and recommending the postponement of the bill as better still. Lord John is greatly belied by his friends if he would not rejoice at the last moment at any decent excuse, say, in foreign politics, for hanging up a Reform Bill for a year or two. Yet, having thrice proposed measures of Parliamentary Reform, and having, on each occasion, insisted on the advantage of legislating in periods of calm and political tranquillity for the amendment of the representation, he is said to consider himself pledged to lead the attack, and renew his motion. After all, however, our Reform Bill may depend upon Garibaldi.

The poor-law had so manifestly broken down in the metropolis, and the long duration of severe frost had caused such unprecedented suffering and distress, that apprehensions of popular tumult had begun to prevail, when the welcome thaw arrived to clear the Thames and the canals, and give hopes of employment to long-shore men, navvies, bricklayers, and other frozen-out workmen. Now that the danger seems over, people are speculating upon the consternation that would have been caused, if the destitute and starving thousands who congregated day after day at the Thames and other police-courts had gutted a few houses, and plundered the bakers' shops. The Poor Law Board and Poor Law Guardians would then have been moved to more energetic action, and the police magistrates would have been delivered from the necessity of officiating as the relieving-officers of their respective districts. When we remember how easy it would have been for a few desperate men to create a panic in this vast metropolis, we cannot be sufficiently thankful for the patience and uncomplaining fortitude with which the destitute poor have borne cold, hunger, and privation during the long and severe frost. The pawnbrokers have driven a roaring trade in flat-irons, wearing apparel, and wedding-rings (let us pity the poor women and children!) The small shopkeepers in the destitute districts have been obliged to give credit, or do no business at all. Whenever English benevolence is fairly appealed to in a good cause, and with any reasonable security against mal-appropriation, it will answer any demand that may be made upon it. The subscriptions to the various metropolitan charities, and to the police-courts, are honourable to the liberality of the rich and middle classes, yet is it not also a subject for regret that so many of the well-to-do appear to have no knowledge whatever of the poor, and are at their wits' end to find proper almoners of their bounty?

The distress was not confined to London (where, it is said, 50,000 labourers were unemployed), but generally prevailed throughout the country, the destitution being caused, not only by the severity of the weather, but by the dearness of provisions, the high price of fuel, and the depression existing in many important branches of trade. That popular and benevolent peer, Lord Leigh, has made a public appeal on behalf of the distressed Coventry operatives, which has been generously responded to. In Nottingham, so great is the misery in which the poor are plunged, that, according to the local journals, "it must either be mitigated instantly and effectively, or vast numbers of the inhabitants will die through sheer starvation." Some ladies of *haut ton* are appearing in dresses of Coventry ribbon, and at Torquay and other places "ribbon balls" have been got up, at which the ladies appear in dresses made of Coventry ribbon, the proceeds being devoted to the relief of the Coventry weavers.

But great as have been the suffering and danger, from which it may be hoped we are slowly emerging, a more tremendous peril threatens our manufacturing districts. A civil war between the Northern and Southern States of America seems imminent. The production of cotton will thus receive a check, and any obstruction in our supply would be a measureless calamity to Manchester and Glasgow. Scarcity of cotton means, in those hives of population and industry, scarcity of bread. At such crises every one sees the danger of depending on one country for the raw material of our principal manufacture. The suitability of the East and West Indies, and the north of Australia, for cotton culture, has often been pointed out. An attempt is also being made to point out the capabilities of Natal as a cotton country, which are less known. The danger appears to justify legislative interference. Perhaps it may be averted by a timely grant of less than one-tenth of the sum which Parliament would have to vote for the relief of destitution in the manufacturing districts, should the American supply ever be closed against us.

On dit that quite as many Liberal M.P.'s have refused to sign the representation to Lord Palmerston in favour of reduction of national expenditure as have attached their names to the document. Some, like Sir De L. Evans, think the maintenance of the peace of Europe seriously threatened, while others assert that it is not dignified to go hat in hand to the Premier in regard to a matter which the Constitution has placed under the especial charge of the petitioning members and their colleagues in the House of Commons.

The stars in their courses seem, indeed, to fight against national disarmament and financial economists. The new King of Prussia has addressed words of the gravest import to his Generals at Berlin. When he speaks of a probable struggle as one "in which we must conquer, if we do not wish to be annihilated," he can only refer to danger on the side of France. There appears to be little doubt of a close and intimate *rapprochement* between the Courts of Vienna and Berlin. Prussia has assumed a menacing aspect towards Denmark upon the "oppressed nationality" pretext, while, under the terms of her secret understanding or treaty with Austria, she is to connive, ratify, and uphold a worse oppression in Venetia! Lest Denmark or Venetia should turn to France for succour, Prussia and Austria are to make common cause. Russia is said to have joined this holy alliance, against which Great Britain is likely to offer a very strong protest. Lord John is said to be very busy in patching up the quarrel. He is at present Moderator-General in Europe.

MEN OF MARK.—No. XVI.

THE EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, G.C.B.

"Satis eloquentie, sapientie parum."—SALLUST.

MR. MACAULAY has told us the species of talent which, from the time of Charles II. down to our own days, has been the most valuable of all the qualifications of an English statesman. "It has stood in the place of all other acquirements. It has covered ignorance, weakness, rashness, the most fatal mal-administration. A great negotiator is nothing when compared with a great debater; and a Minister who can make a successful speech, need trouble himself little about an unsuccessful expedition. This is the talent which has made judges without law, and diplomatists without French; which has sent to the Admiralty men who did not know the stern of a ship from her bowsprit; and to the East India Board men who did not know the difference between a rupee and a pagoda; which made a Foreign Secretary of Mr. Pitt, who, as George II. said, had never opened Vattel; and which was very near making a Chancellor of the Exchequer of Mr. Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division." The talent for Parliamentary debate is the fulcrum with which the politician moves his world.

Guizot, no mean authority, has said that "the most brilliant of the Tory orators is"—not Derby, not Disraeli, not Lyndhurst. Who then? If there be any truth in Macaulay's sarcasm, "the most brilliant of the Tory orators" ought to be within a step of office. Go with us into the House of Lords! The object of Guizot's admiration is to be found on the left of the woolsack, on the front bench facing the bishops. He is separated from his party by the gangway which, although only a few inches in width, in Parliament often expresses miles of suspicion, distrust, and difference. He has not a single follower, not one political disciple. He has alienated his political friends by want of discipline, and an unmanageability that could hardly be expected from the wildest of elephants. He has compromised his party a dozen times by his rashness and singular want of judgment. The breach appears irreparable, and you would say he had bid adieu to office for ever. Before, however, we discredit Macaulay, let us glance at his career. Let us see what oratorical ability has already done for him. We shall then be able to cast more accurately the horoscope of the future, and see whether in this land of representative institutions, everything is not pardoned to the great Parliamentary debater.

The subject of our sketch has been a member of the Upper House forty-two years, having succeeded his father, the well-known Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, in 1818. In the Duke of Wellington's Ministry, 1828-9, he filled the office of Lord Privy Seal. In Peel's short-lived Administration, 1834-5, he was appointed President of the Board of Control. When Sir R. Peel came in upon a longer lease of power in 1841, he was again entrusted with the direction of Indian affairs. The Peel Cabinet having recalled Lord Auckland, the new President of the Board of Control claimed the appointment, and went out to India as Governor-General. He was considered to possess the confidence of the Court of Directors, and he boasted of no common intimacy with the Duke of Wellington, whose humble disciple and most ardent admirer he professed himself to be. But, left to himself, the new Governor-General was guilty of vagaries that made the East India Directors dread the arrival of each succeeding mail. Although a civilian, he inflicted intolerable slights upon the civil servants of the Company. He reserved his favour and confidence for the military, yet he endangered the discipline of the very army which he had endeavoured to conciliate by means the least prudent and justifiable. He made showy progresses, which brought ridicule upon the British name. He addressed proclamations to the rulers and nations of India which appeared to sanction idolatry. And finally, in the bombastic and inflated language of his proclamation concerning the sandal-wood gates of the Temple of Juggernaut, when brought back from Ghuznee, he reached a climax of absurdity which no former representative of the British Crown had ever attained. Yet his former colleagues in the Cabinet stood handsomely by him. The Duke of Wellington, the last man to have petted the military to the disgust of the civil servants of India, and who, in India as elsewhere, carefully eschewed the language of bombast and braggadocio, defended the affair of the gates of Somnauth in Parliament, designating the proclamation as a "song of triumph" (!) not to be tried by any European standard. The potentates of Leadenhall-street, however, were inexpressibly terrified at such a series of extravagances, and, disregarding the remonstrances of the Great Duke and Sir R. Peel, exercised the privilege with which they were invested, and recalled the eccentric Governor-General. As soon as he returned he was advanced two steps in the peerage, and received the Grand Cross of the Bath. In 1846 he became First Lord of the Admiralty (Macaulay, we see, was quite right), but went out with Sir R. Peel. In 1855 we find him again Minister for India, the author of an absurd bill for regulating Indian affairs, which brought discredit and ridicule upon the Derbyite Government. He administered a most severe and caustic rebuke to Lord Canning, the Governor-General, and having sent a copy of the despatch to Mr. Bright, and allowed it to become public property, an outcry was raised which perilled the existence of the Derby Government. That catastrophe was averted by the self-immolation of the indiscreet Minister, yet it cannot be said of him that nothing in his official life became him like the leaving it. Another Minister would have communicated his resignation to his Prime Minister. With characteristic hauteur and self-will, however, as if he had no superior in the Cabinet, he laid his resignation before Her Majesty, without any previous intimation to the Earl of Derby.

The "most brilliant of the Tory orators" has taken a frequent and leading part in the debates of the House of Lords of late years. In the spring of 1855, when Lord Derby's advent to office was anticipated, there were persons sufficiently imposed upon by his specious and showy talents to mention him as the statesman best qualified to administer the War department with honour to himself and advantage to the country. After the downfall of the Aberdeen Cabinet in 1855, he submitted to the House of Lords a resolution that the conduct of the war with

Russia had occasioned general dissatisfaction, and had led to just complaints; and that it was only through the selection of men for public employment without regard to anything but the public service that the country could hope to prosecute the war successfully, and attain a secure and honourable peace. Never was the House of Lords more crowded. The members of the female aristocracy came down in crowds, clad in all the gay and delicate hues of spring, and took possession of the gallery running round the House. The bachelor Lord Redesdale was scandalized (Heaven knows why!) and remarked that the House looked more like a casino than a deliberative assembly. The bar was besieged by members of the Lower House, and public curiosity was strongly excited, yet the debate in no degree realized these expectations, and the large majority which negatived the resolution testified to the estimation in which the judgment of the brilliant orator is held by his brother peers. The leading journal next day chronicled the general disappointment in the following terms:—"The most brilliant audience in Britain was kept for above an hour suspended between platitudes which no one could contest, and paradoxes which no one could believe. Most of those present retired with the melancholy conviction that, although the country may be sorely in want of a powerful War Minister, that heaven-born statesman had not been found in the accomplished orator who had commenced the discussion." His theory that the war against Russia ought to be prosecuted in some distant and little known districts of Asia, rather than in the Crimea, might have found favour in Bedlam, but was regarded as in the last degree absurd and illusory in St. Stephen's.

During the Indian mutiny our brilliant orator took up an attitude which did not savour of the patriotic. He indulged in the most gloomy views of the state of affairs, and uttered alarming vaticinations which, like Cassandra's, were not believed, and which, unlike hers, did not prove to be true. When the mail brought ill news our brilliant orator, with an alacrity and cheerful buoyancy, which seemed a little out of place, was always at his post, pointing out Lord Canning's mistakes, and generally making use of his knowledge of Indian localities to embarrass the Government and bring out in strong relief the most unfavourable features of the mutiny. For some time Lord Granville, as the leader of the Government in the Upper House, affected to receive our brilliant orator's suggestions with deference and respect; but when the animus became more strongly developed, and our brilliant orator, as the Indian storm raged strongly, more and more resembled one of Mother Carey's chickens, this tone was abandoned, and a few not undeserved rebukes were administered to the ominous and unwelcome oracle.

In another debate our brilliant Tory orator did not appear to great advantage. True to his Indian predilections he is always calling out for increased armaments and additional defences. Yet he is not without pretensions to economy, and on one occasion told their lordships where he would apply it. He would use the pruning knife ruthlessly in the Civil Service estimates. Mr. E. Baines and the disciples of "that wretched fallacy, educational voluntarism," would be entirely satisfied with the amount of the Education vote, if our brilliant orator had the framing of it. Putting his finger on an increase in the number of Post-Office clerks, rendered necessary by the immense increase of the business of that department, our brilliant orator gravely assured their lordships, a few years ago, that these were the salaries he would reduce, this the expenditure he would cut down! As the payment of Post-Office employes is not generally held to be extravagant; and as some of their lordships could not forget that the speaker had for forty years been in the receipt of £2,000 a year from the sinecure office of joint clerk of the Pleas in the Court of Queen's Bench, our brilliant Tory orator gained no suffrages either for the good sense or patriotism which had characterised his observations.

Our brilliant orator carries his idolatry of the Great Duke so far as to imitate his dress, carriage, and demeanour. If Heraclitus had been in the habit of attending the debates in the duke's time he could not help giggling at his lordly double. The duke in summer wore a blue surcoat, white waistcoat, of a particular pattern, and white trowsers. So does the earl. The duke usually sat with one leg crossed over the other. So does the earl. The duke had the habit of holding his neck forward and a little on one side, so that he seemed to have a little "crick" in it. Protruding head, stiff neck, are faithfully reproduced by the earl. Our brilliant orator can dress like the duke, sit like the duke, and look like the duke—everything but act like the duke, and think like the duke. The mimicry can scarcely be unconscious, and aptly indicates the tinge of absurdity and extravagance that flouted the civil servants of India out of compliment to the duke, and that permeates more or less the whole public career of our brilliant orator.

There are those who, from an attentive consideration of these and other facts, do not hesitate to declare that the subject of this sketch is the greatest impostor among living statesmen, the greatest charlatan among living politicians. He is, they say, cursed with the most flashy, unsound judgment, and the most heated imagination of any modern Minister. Yet we can scarcely render adequate justice to the charm and impressiveness of his manner. His voice is the finest in either House of Parliament, unless we except Gladstone's—sonorous, full, clear, and penetrating. The figure is manly, the features handsome, the hair grey with the snow of seventy winters, yet still abundant. His gesture is easy yet dignified, the emphasis not too frequent, but when it falls, striking like a hammer. His elocution is perfection. One peculiarity by which he is distinguished from his contemporaries is the long open sound of the Italian *a*, as in father, which he uses with dramatic effect in words demanding peculiar emphasis. His fluency is not remarked, because he never labours under a flux of words. Many speakers are evidently engaged in repeating—he is, or appears to be, thinking. An elevated and sustained tone of declamation, a stately and imposing rhetoric, lucid and forcible logic (the premises being granted), and a diversified harmony of period are gifts and graces of the highest order of eloquence, and few will deny that they are possessed in larger measure by the Earl of Ellenborough than by any of his contemporaries.

The charm of a fine manner was perhaps never better exemplified than by Lord Ellenborough in the debate on Lord Derby's motion on China, in February, 1857. His speech was admitted to be one of the most effective that had been

delivered in the House of Lords for many years. His stirring tones and impressive gestures gave dignity, force, and weight to his rhetoric. His oration was full of fire and animation, and established his claim to rank among the highest in the roll of Parliamentary orators. Yet next day, the praise of those who heard the speech seemed strangely exaggerated to those who read it. The frequent "cheers" showed that it had been effective, but the student found little to arrest his attention, or extort his admiration. Yet this oration, which seemed so tame and bald in type, moved and stirred their lordships like no other speech delivered during the debate. Lord Holland would have been confirmed by such an instance in his theory, that the most effective orations do not satisfy the reader. When he was told of a fine speech, he used to ask, "Does it read well?" If the reply were in the affirmative, he used to say—"Then it was not a good speech." After hearing Lord Ellenborough, the student of rhetoric could understand how the great Lord Chatham's speeches derived their electric influence from his voice, his gestures, his manner, and delivery.

Our enemies sometimes do more for us than our friends. Lord Ellenborough would not be the fine orator he is if a body of "snobs" and plebeians whom he despised had not inflicted a public and indelible humiliation upon him. He came back from India, believing himself to be ill-used and outraged. Now if a man have anything in him, injustice and ill-treatment, or what he holds to be such, will generally bring it out. This axiom especially holds good in regard to eloquence. If you want to make a man an orator, you must kick him, flout him, misconstrue his motives, malign his acts, pervert his meaning, and almost break his heart by your unfairness and persecution. The discipline is cruel and severe, but it is effectual. A man takes counsel of his own thoughts. His wrongs make him eloquent. A mastery of winged words comes to him in brooding over the past and future. Sometimes ambition, sometimes revenge, becomes the settled purpose of his soul, and the object of his life. If the House of Commons had laughed less boisterously at a certain statesman, he would not have said—"I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." Peel went through this stage of ill-usage and misconstruction after his breach with the country gentlemen, and his later speeches so much exceeded in sentiment and dignity all his previous flights of eloquence, that his greatest oratorical triumphs seemed yet to be achieved when he was suddenly snatched from life. A sense of injustice and ill-treatment may fill the minds of statesmen with dark, bitter, and gloomy thoughts. It may make them misanthropic and Mephistophelian in their estimate of human nature. But it will certainly improve their orations wonderfully. It seems, indeed, to be one of the conditions of intellectual growth and power in public life.

The recalled and humiliated Governor-General of India has some triumphs to set off against his mortifications. He lived to see the Court of Directors swept away, "unpitied, unhonoured, and unsung." He received the thanks of Parliament for the ability and judgment with which he had supported the military operations in Afghanistan. He was the staunch friend and patron of Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Napier, and for reward signalised his Indian vice-royalty by the conquest of Scinde. Gwalior was also reduced during his Governor-Generalship.

The Earl of Ellenborough cannot but be indifferent to place and power. Not content with piling up obstacles, both personal and political, to his co-operation in office with the great Conservative party, he has taken the lead out of Lord Lyndhurst's hands in preaching distrust of the Emperor of the French. Not many months ago the noble earl rose in his place to declare with great rhetorical fervour, and with all the solemnity of a prophecy, that the Emperor of the French, after breaking the power of Austria, would invade England. He added, with great cheerfulness, that the Duke of Malakoff went down to Portland Harbour the previous autumn expressly to reconnoitre the facilities offered by Portland Roads for the disembarkation of a French army, when he must have discovered that if they once succeeded in landing they might construct a *tête du pont* whereby they might easily maintain their communication with their ships, and at the same time defend their position from any successful attack on the land side. The statement caused some uneasiness in an illustrious quarter, for a few days afterwards the royal yacht conveyed Her Majesty and the Prince from Osborne to Portland to survey the scene of the proposed debarkation. So public an imputation from an ex-Minister, of hostile intentions on the part of a monarch who has been, in all his diplomatic relations, the steady and faithful ally of this country, and who has gone out of his way on many occasions to proclaim his desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with us, seemed to be an outrage against good taste and good manners, at once gratuitous, mischievous, offensive, and insulting.

Whether Lord Derby would offer a post in his Cabinet to this high-flying and preposterous peer, would "depend," as the French say. The chances are that the Minister who would only communicate with his Sovereign when he resigned the seals for India, has registered a vow to accept no office short of the Premiership. If, however, on the advent of a Conservative Administration, the noble earl demanded high office under the Crown, our Parliamentary system, which refuses nothing to the accomplished debater, would certainly come to the aid of the ambitious and indiscreet peer. Lord Derby would have quite enough to do to meet his open and legitimate foes, without exposing himself to a withering flank fire from a late colleague, who has inherited the vest, if not the mantle, of Wellington. Macaulay, therefore, is right; and irreverent critics, who laugh at the defects and anomalies of our representative government, may yet live to see again installed in some high and responsible post, a Man of Mark, who has been guilty of more escapades and absurdities than any half dozen living politicians, but who, *per contra*, has been, not untruly, designated by M. Guizot, as "the most brilliant of the Tory orators."

NO MORE BEGGING.—"We say with Daniel Defoe," observes the eloquent Dr. Guthrie, "that begging is a shame to any country; if the beggar is an unworthy object of charity, it is a shame that he should be allowed to beg; if a worthy object of charity it is a shame that he should be compelled to beg."

PROPAGATION OF FISH.—No. II.

AT HOME.

THE quantity of ova or spawn emitted by fishes of all kinds is really enormous, and at first sight seems out of all proportion, when contrasted with the fecundity of any known bird or animal. The codfish, the herring, and the various members of the flat fish family, yield their eggs by hundreds of thousands. It has been said that if all the ova of the herring were to be productive, our seas would soon be overrun with that one fish; indeed, it has been computed that in eight years they would fill up the bed of the ocean. A grown sturgeon will yield about eight millions of eggs. The female salmon—and it is the genus *salmo* we are more immediately interested in at present—it has been computed, yields a thousand eggs for every pound of her weight. When we consider, however, that fish-eggs are generally committed to the tender mercies of the waves—being dropped in the great deep, and that even before they can be impregnated by the male fish shedding over them his milt—a large percentage of the ova is washed away, and also that thousands upon thousands of eggs are devoured by the hordes of sea monsters which usually attend the accouchement of fish, it will be at once apparent, that however numerous the spawn is, it is not more than is really required to keep up the supply. The eggs of the salmon are particularly liable to be destroyed, being frequently deposited during winter in the shallow portions of our streams, that are sometimes dried up before the spawn quickens into life; they are thus left exposed to the atmosphere and rot away. It has been calculated, that when the salmon is left to the natural system without help, only one in every thousand of the ova reaches the condition of a full-grown fish—the egg is either wasted, or the unprotected fry are speedily devoured by some of their numerous enemies; it is known, for instance, that "parr" (now proved to be the young of the salmon) have been caught on some of our Scottish rivers in such large quantities, that they have been used by farmers to feed pigs with.

We need not wonder, therefore, that the proprietors of the Tay fisheries were driven to pisciculture, as a means of aiding in the replenishing of their stream, which was rapidly becoming affected with the diseases of decreasing supplies and falling rents. Piscicultural operations, in imitation of those so successfully carried out in France and Germany, were begun at Stormontfield, near the palace of Scone on the river Tay, in the year 1853, and have been carried on ever since with much success. By the 23rd of December in that year, 300,000 ova had been placed in the breeding boxes, in a way as nearly similar to their natural position as could be devised, and the hopes of the promoters of the scheme were realized early in the following year, when the first ovum was observed to be hatched.

The initiatory processes were ably conducted under the superintendence of Mr. Ramsbottom, of Clitheroe, who, at the instigation of Mr. Ashworth, of Poynton, had been employed by the proprietors of the Tay. Mr. Ramsbottom had before that time gained considerable experience in piscicultural operations, having been engaged in the superintendence of the very successful experiments instituted by the Messrs. Ashworth, at their fisheries at Outerard, in Ireland; and these gentlemen, we may state, were the first in this country to render the science of pisciculture subservient to commercial purposes, most of the previous experiments having been used as a means of studying the natural history of the salmon, or out of curiosity. The operations at Stormontfield are not conducted on a very grand scale—indeed, when we consider the magnitude of the river, and the large income derived from its fisheries, we feel surprised at the small scale of the ponds, and the consequent limited number of breeding-boxes that can be used, viz., 300; and the first year each box was filled with only 1,000 eggs. The ponds are situated on a gentle slope, on the banks of the Tay; and the water used in hatching is run from a mill-stream into a reception pond, from whence it is filtered through pipes into a water-course at the head of the various ranges of boxes; it then trickles in a gentle stream from one box to the other, till it is collected in a dam, and formed into a pond for the reception of the young fry so soon as they are ready to leave the boxes. A little streamlet, guarded by a sluice of fine wire, admits of the superfluous water being run into the Tay, and also forms a way for the admission of the smolts to the river as soon as they have assumed their migratory dress.

The *modus operandi* of artificial impregnation is exceedingly simple. A male and female fish having been caught on the spawning-ground, the ova is gently expressed from the female into a tub, or other vessel, the eggs are then washed from the slime and the milt applied, when an instantaneous change is seen to take place in the eggs, which, from a pale red, assume a florid colour, and that mysterious atom which so puzzles physiologists is darted into the egg, and apparently forms the germ of future existence. The progress of the fry is noteworthy. We have already seen that, on the 31st of March, 1854, the first ovum of the spawn, deposited in the preceding November and December, was observed to be hatched. In April and May the larger portion of the eggs had come to life, and the fry were as large in the spawning-boxes. In June they were placed in the reception pond, and fed daily with crumbs of boiled liver. The fry continued healthy throughout the winter, and in the spring of 1855 were found to have attained the average length of three and four inches. On the 2nd of May, it was determined, at a meeting held at the pond, that the fish, not being yet in the smolt state, should be detained another year; but seventeen days afterwards, a second meeting was held, in consequence of great numbers of the fry having in the interim assumed the migratory dress. On inspection it was found that a considerable portion were actual smolts, and the committee at once fixed on their departure. Accordingly the sluice communicating with the Tay was opened, and every facility of egress afforded. Contrary to expectation, however, none of the fry manifested any inclination to leave the pond until the 24th of May, when the larger and more mature of the smolts, after having separated themselves from the main body, went off in a shoal.

The experiment of the first season at Stormontfield was thus considered a most successful one, and proved to a demonstration that the parr was the young of the salmon; but it resulted also in the curious fact that only one-half of the fry had assumed the smolt stage at the period of migration, and it was found that the rest of the parr were not ripe for the river till the following year, when they also departed for the great deep. This fact has led to much controversy among naturalists, and has resulted in several papers being read on the subject before the British Association, but the disputants

have not yet been able to fix upon a cause for so strange a circumstance as the young of the same season ripening for the sea at two different times, divided by a period of twelve months. The accommodation at Stormontfield being so limited does not admit of an annual hatching of eggs, but on several occasions the operations have been repeated, and the boxes filled with large quantities of spawn, which have been safely nursed into life.

Some curious experiments have been made in crossing the various members of the salmon family. The present state of matters on the Tay in connection with the breeding ponds at Stormontfield, may be gleaned from the following extract from a letter written the other day by a gentleman who has watched the experiments with great interest since the beginning:—

"I suppose you are aware that the present brood at the ponds is from the adult salmon alone. Many were anxious to ascertain if a batch partly from salmon and partly from grilse might be the cause of the anomaly of about one-half of the brood departing for the sea one year after hatching, and the rest at the end of the second year. It so happens, however, that the fry in the ponds, though of the old salmon, are worse grown than any former brood. I think the cold backward summer may be the cause of this, and I look forward to deriving some light on the subject when the season arrives (in April and May next) for the smolts to depart for the sea. They are not spawning any at the ponds this season, as they have only one feeding pond, and, therefore, to prevent one brood devouring the other, it is necessary to let the old ones depart, and clear the pond, which is only done at the end of every second year. Applications have been made at Stormontfield for ova to stock other rivers, both at home and abroad, but the proprietors, in my opinion, have, under a rather narrow and one-sided view of the subject, declined to allow the ova to be taken. This could have been allowed without any injury to the river Tay, as it teems with breeding fish, and more ova go to waste and are devoured in a single day by trouts, perches, &c., than would supply the wants of the whole world."

The great fact to which we may next allude is, that the rental of the Tay has risen, within this year or two, from eight to fourteen thousand pounds per annum; and there is not a river in the Queen's dominions on which the art of pisciculture might not be practised with similar advantages—especially as we learn through the commissioners who are now investigating into the condition of the English salmon fisheries, that the supply of this fine fish is universally on the decline, and that some of our best rivers are at present all but bereft of salmon. The greed of those interested in the fisheries has outrun their prudence, and in order to obtain the golden egg they have killed their goose; in other words, they have been living, for some years back, on capital and interest, and both are about to vanish. The only experiments in the nature of pisciculture which we have heard of, other than those at Stormontfield, have been the attempts to introduce the grayling into the Thames and the Clyde; but about the success of these trials we are not yet in a position to speak, nor do we know what success has attended the operations planned by Mr. Gottlieb on the river Dart, where we heard that a joint-stock company had been commenced for the purpose of cultivating the salmon.

Throughout the united kingdoms there is ample room for the practice of pisciculture—even in the many hundred miles of canal property which, in reference to fish-breeding, are at present valueless. A central establishment might be erected at no very great cost on some one of our principal streams, from which ova or fry might be distributed all over the country at proper seasons at a moderate cost. As a basis to go upon, we shall show, by a few figures, the present value of the rivers, lakes, and ponds of France in relation to the fish commissariat of that country. We shall only refer at present to those fisheries which are farmed out by the state. For those we have a correct data in the return of the prices given in the locality:—

Department of Forests, Bridges, &c.	£28,880
For the estuaries producing £46,140, the produce of the	
fresh-water species may be estimated at one half, viz.,	23,080
Rivers and canals, conceded temporarily or in perpetuity	2,680
For 114,889 miles of watercourses not navigable	148,000
Production of canals and water-courses	£202,640
For 493,750 acres of lakes and ponds	400,000
Total	£602,640

In the valuation of the produce of canal and watercourses we have not rendered any account of the profits of cultivators, and of the general expenses of the fishery, which are equal to the total produce, we shall have consequently canals and watercourses

Lakes and ponds..... 400,000

Total production of profit and produce £800,000

The water-courses of this country are not so extensive as those of our continental neighbours; nor have our supplies of fish fallen so low, but that the money value of the lakes and streams of Great Britain might easily be doubled by the art of pisciculture we entertain no doubt whatever: and as the subject of a plentiful and regular supply of fish-food is one of grave importance, we hope the subject of pisciculture will one day attract the attention of our legislature; or, better still, let us hope that the attention of some of our great capitalists may be turned to the subject. Money might then do for our fisheries what it has done for our railways or our farms.

MODERN ENGLISH WOMEN.—VII.

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.

THE love of beauty and refinement belongs to every true woman. She ought to desire (in moderation) pretty dresses, and delight in beautiful colours and graceful fabrics; she ought to take a certain, not too excessive, pride in herself, and be solicitous to have all belonging to her well-chosen and in good taste: to care for the perfect ordering of her house, the harmony and fitness of her furniture, the cleanliness of her surroundings, the good style of her arrangements: she ought not to like singularity, either of habit or appearances, or be able to stand out against a fashion when fashion has become custom: she ought to make herself conspicuous only by the perfection of her taste, by the grace and harmony of her dress, the unobtrusive good breeding of her manners: she ought to set the seal of gentlewoman on every square inch of her life, and shed the radiance of her own beauty and

refinement on every material object about her. The woman who cares for none of this—who makes a worse thing do when, by a little thought and contrivance, she might have a better—who has no regard for the daintiness of cleanliness, but "dirties out" her soiled linen as a matter of common sense duty—who despises appearances, takes no pride in her person, is careless of dress, and puts a certain amount of surly virtue in her indifference to ill-fitting gowns and faded ribbons—who thinks all time spent on personal adornment or the beautifying of the home, simply vanity and vexation of spirit—the woman who ignores her office as the refiner of domestic life and the artist of the social world, too often loses that better inward grace, that purer spiritual harmony, which the love of beauty and refinement outwardly symbolizes and expresses. For we cannot renounce the material wherewith we have to work, or assume a possession whereof we give no evidence; we cannot be without seeming, or harbour the truth in our heart without laying it out in our hand; forms and the visible bearing of life but spell the letters of the spiritual secret, and according to the loftiness or ignobility of the phrase will be the majesty or meanness of the rendering. The beautiful soul will make itself a beautiful outward life as naturally and as arbitrarily as the germ of the lily will shape itself into the grace and loveliness of the flower.

Where there is real love of beauty, it runs through the whole character. It is not only shown by an appreciation of successful millinery, or an artistic eye for colours, but it penetrates to the farthest corner of the moral and social life, and finds nothing too small or insignificant for its shaping. Neither is it dependent on amount of income, nor to be in any manner confounded with luxuriousness, and that kind of textile or mechanical loveliness always to be had from mere wealth, and oftentimes connected with the intensest vulgarity; but it belongs wholly to the mind of the person, and may be as distinctly, if not as broadly, shown in the labourer's cot as in the lady's mansion. One of its chief attributes is cleanliness; another, order or harmony; a third, truth. Picturesque rags are all very well on canvas, as a protest against the meagreness of conventional propriety, and a breaking out of the hard lines of formality; but actual rags are never beautiful, though the tattered lines may flow easily, and the browning stains of dirt and age be of a rich tint, and suggestive of subtle combinations to a painter. A woman of refinement would feel immediately the want of that prosaic needle and thread, the office of which would be to mend and darn those gaping rents, and of soap and water, the divinely appointed mission of which is to cleanse from stain and disfiguring dirt. The torn gown, the frayed coat, the soiled linen, are so many signs of the unlovely nature within; and for every thread broken loose, and every dirt stain unremoved, read a mind warped from the true lines of beauty, and a spirit laden with the scum of grossness. The woman who condescends to stain and fracture, without an effort to redeem herself, is a woman who will condescend to even worse things than these, and one whose soul is devoid of the first principles of womanly refinement. Neither is beauty to be found in disorder and want of harmony. The crossing lines, tangled and perplexed, always got from objects massed together without thought or arrangement—the mixing up of incongruous materials, such as velvet and woollen, wax and marble, each one of which is perfect in itself, but utterly inapplicable when together—the beautiful shapes which do not harmonize, and of which one outline cuts against the other, and one idea destroys the other—the things unfitting to their uses, and the confusion of time, place, and circumstance, shown in arrangements where there is no taste or order, are all infractions of the law of beauty, which no woman of really refined mind will permit herself. It may be only the simplest thing needed—a plaster cast in place of that glaring ornolu, a bunch of fresh flowers in place of the stained grass, or a new ordering of the ornaments, so that each colour may have its full value, and each form its fitting space—but simple and inexpensive as the thing needed may be, it is just the evidence of the one quality wanting—the perception of beauty and the possession of good taste. Order and harmony are man's best laws. There is beauty in the luxuriance of a garden, and beauty in the wild tossing of the manifold sea; beauty in the trailing growths of the forest side, in the tangle of the briar, the tendrils of the briony, the perplexity of the swathing bindweed, in the hurrying of the reckless clouds, and the confused markings of the veined marbles; but there is no beauty in the irregularities of the human taste, or in the confusion and derangement of social life. Nor is there beauty in the want of truth. Be the false jewel never so artistically made, the false lace never so deftly copied, it is false; and for that reason alone must be ugly. No woman of real nobleness of nature would wear mock jewellery or mock lace, or indeed anything mock at all, save where the material is too well known to become a pretence, as when dyed feathers and painted cambric are cut into the likeness of roses and lilies, deceiving no one, and not designing to do so. Artificial flowers may have been bad taste in the beginning, when adopted to simulate or deceive, but they are such merely conventional ornaments now, that a woman of even the purest taste need not hesitate to wear them, if she is careful in the selection of such forms and colours as harmonize best with herself and with each other. This is one of the instances of a fashion become custom, which may be adopted without fear by even the most scrupulous. The same may be said of the peculiar form of feminine dress, recognized throughout Europe for many generations as the only admissible form of "full dress," and which, however equivocal in its origin (the low bodice was originally called Corinthian, and meant all that the name implied), and however stoutly resisted by the virtuous matrons and high-minded maidens of the time, has now become an institution of no unlovely significance, attracting no attention, and offending no one accustomed to society. So of certain other fashions, both of dress and manners, which were once thought to be the beginning of our national destruction and the certain ruin of every womanly virtue. Happily for human nature, virtues are not shaped by the milliner's scissors, nor dependent on the whims of tailors and dressmakers; their laws are too fixed to be set aside because one generation likes scanty skirts and the waist under the arm-pits, another, crinoline and the waist under the ribs. The women who wear hoops to-day are the daughters of the women who wore their skirts strained tight over their hips yesterday; but who shall say that the flounced and furbelowed daughter is less virtuous than her "gored" and skimpy mother, or, contrariwise, that the younger has read the elder lessons in womanly propriety never learnt in the days of Josephine and Queen Charlotte? National costume has nothing to do with national morals, though the individual selection of particular forms and modes is essentially part of the expression of

character. The indolent, ignorant, house-keeping Eastern woman wears the same dress as that which marked off a whole section among us Westerns as specially strong-minded and exceptional; but the full trousers of the Bloomer did not transform her to the likeness of Fatima, nor would Fatima become strong-minded or exceptional by force of wearing a spoon bonnet or a seal-skin paletot. It might be the cause, but it would not be the effect.

There are women who spend very little on their dress, yet who are always lovely; there are others with milliners' bills reaching from Hyde-park to Portugal-street, yet who are never beautiful, and surely not to be taken as models and examples. The fault does not lie in the fashion, but the selection. The well-dressed woman takes heed of the harmony of her colours, and is careful that the forms adopted suit the lines of her face and figure: if she is tall she does not drape herself in meagre clothing; if short she is not flounced round like a hand-bell set in tiers; if her skin is fair, and her hair lies in curves and ripples of light-brown against the creamy white, she will not put straw-colour in her cap; if she is ruddy, warm, and dark, she will not frame herself in waxen blue, or the tender shades of pink. The tasteless woman, on the contrary, thinks only of the one thing, and not of its harmonies with the rest: if she admires the fact of artificial grapes she piles a basketfull on her head; if she approves one special colour she wears it, no matter against what other colour, as scarlet and pink, or violet and blue together; if a Cashmere shawl is the object of her ambition, she trails one after her, though her height be only four foot nothing; if she is mad for short jackets she will not be persuaded, though she might enlist in the Life Guards, and be one of the tallest of the corps. This is the woman who puts old Dresden and imitation Parian side by side; who wears a diamond on one finger and a French pearl on the other; who makes her drawing-room as hideous as a New Zealander's hut by excess and incongruity, or leaves it naked and starved for want of colour and ornament; who serves up red herrings on silver gilt, or a royal supper on cracked delf; who chooses all the ugly patterns everywhere, and delights in nothing so much as a complication of lines without flow or continuity, and a concourse of colours which offend against every law of nature. Such a woman as this may be the best and dearest creature in the world, with the heart of a heroine and the temper of an angel; she may be of unexceptionable birth and enviable position, but she will never be a gentlewoman in the fullest and most comprehensive sense, never have more than moral beauty,—which is gracious and lovely in its extent, but which is not all,—never attain to anything higher than the mere conventional refinement which has been given and is not growth. She is no teacher of the world; no member of that small and chosen band, ever heralding the rest to a higher and more beautiful life; without the real sense of beauty, she is incapable of some of the loftiest functions of her sex, and misses her way egregiously when setting herself forth as a queen of society.

But the woman whose whole nature is beautiful, and, being beautiful, is noble, chaste, and true; whose life is the outward expression of the inward thought, and who cannot choose but set forth the lesson of loveliness drunk in with her very being; whose mind makes itself seen as much in the graceful fashion of her dress as in the deathless work of her brain, as much in the rhythmic ordering of her household as in the glorious teaching of her generation; who gathers round her every form of beauty, both outward as well as spiritual, as flowers gather the dew by night to fashion it into living food by day; who was never heard to use a vulgar word, never known to do a graceless deed, nor seen to prefer a meaner taste; whose soul is a noble lyric set to gentle music, a low sweet chant with words of love for the cathedral verses;—this is the woman who teaches, elevates, and purifies, and whose lessons of beauty and outward harmony have a deeper meaning than lies on the surface, and spring from a nobler source than mere artistic taste. This is the woman we all desire in the wife and idealise in the mother, who formed our dearest friendship in manhood and is our brightest recollection in old age. She it was who led us to the highest spiritual truths, and revealed to us the most subtle harmonies of nature. She taught us the holy significance of beauty, and braided love, loveliness, and the Divine into the silver cord which bound our soul to the throne of God; she taught us that no material surrounding was too mean for the informing of the spirit; and that, like as God has given flowers to the earth, clothed the winged world with radiance, and hidden gems in the darkness of the mines, so the human soul has a right to express itself in grace of form, in loveliness of hue, in harmony of line, and in fitness of part, no matter how small the occasion nor how trivial the circumstance; she taught us that true womanhood means beauty, and that no real outward beauty can exist without mental grace and spiritual purity;—that true womanhood means love, and that love and beauty are one.

COTTAGE-IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

HINTS FOR THEIR ESTABLISHMENT, DERIVED FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF THE HASTINGS SOCIETY.

LET us explain at the outset what the Hastings Association does *not* attempt to do. It builds, as yet, no model cottages; it shuns even structural alterations of the tenements it buys; and confines itself simply to the words and meaning of its fundamental rule, "the *improvement* of the dwellings of the working-classes." Those who would know what the Society's cottages were before they put upon them that initial mark, H.C.I.S., which so often puzzles strangers, have only to see what the cottages of certain other proprietors still are, by paying a visit to a locality called "Carpenter's-court."

One only opening occurs in that miserable place, and that is to receive a privy, for the windows to look at, and for the inmates to be regaled by in the heat of summer. What the Society would do here it does everywhere—remove all indecencies, and supply liberally all necessities. It sees to the efficiency of drainage, and of water supply. It makes and keeps every part of the building sound by timely repair. It boards brick floors, and whitewashes walls and ceilings, after making their surfaces good. It enlarges old windows or opens new ones, if either process be necessary; and is decidedly intolerant as to broken panes, and stuffings of rags to keep out the glazier as well as the wind; and so, in fine, it affords to its tenants homes—which are not a mockery of the name—which are pure and wholesome; around which long-stifled family affections and family tastes may grow; and

beside which the public-house begins to lose some of its attractions in the comparison. But there the Society stops. It sticks to the useful and



meddles not with the ornamental. It is, to our mind, a not unamusing fact that the sole expenditure which can be charged against the Society as not necessary, is the bit of restored ornamental wood-work, with its peak, shown in the annexed engraving, which represents one of the many picturesque houses to be found in Hastings, as restored by the Society.

May this pecuniary sin, if it be one, lie lightly on its conscience!

Although, then, the Society has no architectural novelties to display before an admiring world, it can in the fourth year of its existence proudly boast that it has already purchased and ameliorated up to the point of reasonable comfort one hundred and twenty-five tenements, giving homes to one hundred and thirty-five families; that it has paid a clear dividend of six per cent., while laying by a reserve fund already amounting to some three hundred pounds; that its hundred pound shares are now issued at a premium of four pounds; and lastly, that the growth of the Association has been and is so steady and strong as to make it probable that before many years have elapsed it will be the owner of half Hastings. This, then, is what the Society has done; and we hope now to be able to show to other intending societies how they may go and do likewise.

First: The originators took care not to wreck their scheme at the outset by excessive preliminary expenditure: the whole term did not reach *two pounds*. Neither did they trouble the world with much talk about what they were going to do. Three gentlemen met in a drawing-room; they said, "Here is an evil which is disgraceful to Christian men; let us try to remedy it:" and they set to work to obtain coadjutors. They issued no advertisement—called no public meetings; but they carefully organised all their measures, and that with so much success that they have not had a single check or discouragement ever since. They fixed upon a name, declared their object, confided the executive to a committee, and drew up what were called "the fundamental rules of the Society." They soon found a property *bad enough* for them to buy, as a beginning, soon found shareholders to furnish funds, and, lo, the Society was in operation.

Second: Each purchase is made with the greatest care. The owner asks a certain price. The surveyor of the Society gives his estimate of its value, and appends another estimate of the cost of repairs. The Society then calculates the probable gain or loss that will accrue at the rents paid. There are occasions—and the Society has had experiences of this kind—where the good to be done—even by an unprofitable investment—overpowers all other considerations. It is a happy circumstance to reflect upon that the operations of the Society do admit of such occasional sacrifices. We have an instance in view where the fronts of two rows of residences were suddenly made light, airy, and cheerful, by the pulling down of an intervening block of two cottages that left a passage on either side of some *three feet wide*. Of course with the two went their rents.

Third: The Society has from the outset paid its chief official, but in a manner calculated to avoid burdening the infant funds. It was arranged that their entire expenses should not exceed a certain per centage of the capital. The Secretary, a physician to whom not only Hastings but the country is deeply indebted for his help in originating and guiding this most interesting experiment, received accordingly for the first year about fifteen pounds, while the visitors carrying out the same principle and arrangement were supposed to be paid by a few shillings monthly. We admire the spirit of these gentlemen, who were not ashamed to do a right thing in a manly manner. Now the Secretary's yearly income has reached some £130 by the mere expansion of the Society, and will probably, at no distant day, attain five or six hundred.

Fourth: The Society know only one way of trying to make its accounts pleasant, that of keeping them transparently clear, and under vigilant and constant control. It has two auditors (one of them a professional accountant), who go over the items monthly.

Fifth: The Society, through its visitors—two gentlemen specially chosen for that purpose from the shareholders—takes care to see with its own eyes, and to decide by its own judgment, all those minor matters on which success in house-letting so much depends.

When a purchase of a new property has been made the surveyor makes a second and more minute investigation in detail, to be submitted to the Committee, of the costs of repairs and of improvements. The visitors take his report, go themselves to the property, amend his proposals if they see occasion, submit any very serious improvements to the Committee, and finally give orders to the surveyor to proceed. He then gives out a technical specification to one of the small builders who are usually employed, obtains a tender, checks it by his own previous estimates, till both sides are agreed, and then certifies that everything is done and rightly done, before payment is made. The surveyor himself is remunerated by a per-centage (five) on the entire amount of the cost incurred, with special allowances for his preliminary investigation. His entire charge for a property of about £500 value, we notice was, on one occasion, £5. 11s. 3d., the cost of the repairs being £58. 16s. 9d.

Sixth: The Society wisely eschews the word "Rules," but uses the thing in "terms of agreement," which include just four items:—Rent weekly, in advance; no lodgers without permission; a week's notice on either side; broken windows to be immediately repaired, and the house and fixtures to be given up uninjured, or repaired at the tenant's expense on leaving. Of course this does not refer to ordinary wear and tear. To enforce these "terms" it has its collector, who spends about a couple of days weekly in collecting the rents; and who, having his eyes open as he goes along, takes care to see and report any glaring violation of the compact. He receives five per cent. on his collections.

Seventh: The Society never forgets the aim with which it started—the benefit of the poor. While, therefore, it insists, under all ordinary circumstances, on prompt payment, it is quite aware how impossible of execution would be such a law, if there were not some elasticity in administration. It has established, therefore, a Benevolent Fund—the gifts of kindly persons, who—without taking shares—thus show their interest in the Society: Lord Stanley is one of these. The tenants are allowed to borrow from this fund in times of difficulty, and to make repayment as soon as they are able. Nearly half the tenants have, at different periods, availed themselves of this mode of paying their rent. From this same fund special benefactions are also made in coals, &c., to the very poorest of the tenants. The same forethought and good feeling is shown by the Society in the establishment of a lending library at a penny a month, and a Penny Bank, for aiding in the accumulation of savings. These are admirable adjuncts: but the Benevolent Fund itself we look upon as something more; it is the safety valve of the whole system. The Society, by its aid, avoids all noticeable loss from bad debts, without having to adopt a harshness of procedure which would be fatal to the very end and aim of the Society. Those who would effectually aid the working classes must take care to win the working classes—not by shallow and noisy attempts at popularity, but by treating them with respect as their fellow-men. The Benevolent Fund and the Bank are both worked through the agency of the collector, acting under the superior officers.

Eighth: The Society excludes all questions as to the opinion of the tenants on political or religious matters. On this point there can be no compromise. A more galling tyranny one could hardly conceive than would be that of a great landlord-corporation, which endeavoured to make its social power subserve its own particular opinions. But, on the other hand, the Society is careful in its inquiries as to character: it will have respectable tenants only. But it is the tenant's conduct they ask about, not his belief, or his means at any given moment.

These are the eight clauses of that unwritten charter which the Society has framed for itself, and for which it has needed no costly act of incorporation. Upon these conditions any other body of men in any other place may attain a like success. While, then, we point to the table below as a proof and measure of the progress achieved, let us reiterate the solemn and emphatic words of the founders, for the benefit of all who would imitate their example:—"If it was our duty to make the attempt at all, it was our duty to make it succeed; in other words, to make it *pay*. We resolved, with God's help, it should pay; and, by God's blessing, it has paid."

Tabular Statement, showing the Progress, and the average Receipts and Expenses of the Society during the last seven half-years.

	No. of Shareholders.	Cost of Property.	Gross Rents.		Expenses.		Net Income.	
			Amount.	Per cent. on Cost.	Amount.	Per cent. on Cost.	Amount.	Per cent. on Capital.
October, 1857	11	£833	£49.34	5.92	£8.68	1.04	£29.63	3.52
April, 1858	24	1931	114.04	5.90	26.31	1.36	66.58	3.69
October, 1858	29	2428	145.72	6.00	30.42	1.25	94.30	3.82
April, 1859	36	2837	176.68	6.23	41.97	1.48	152.40	3.90
October, 1859	43	5706	302.79	5.31	58.57	1.03	221.45	3.82
April, 1860	55	7186	390.67	5.44	117.23	1.63	285.53	3.97
October, 1860	56*	9475	499.29	5.26	137.74	1.45	389.30	3.96

* These fifty-six shareholders include eighteen ladies, and are chiefly of the wealthier classes, but there are three or four domestic servants among them. £50 is the smallest sum that can be invested.

MUSIC.

THOUGH much has been effected of late years towards advancing a taste for classical music in this country, by the introduction of musical entertainments of a first-class character, at popular prices, such as formerly were only attainable by the more wealthy subscribers to the Philharmonic Society and Musical Union, we can lay no claim to call ourselves a musical nation till we have been musically educated, and music has become a more important branch of general education than at present it is considered.

That we are, at least, equal to our continental neighbours in natural musical ability, as regards precision of ear and quality of voice, no one, we think, will question, who has had the opportunity of comparing our respective merits. That the British national ear is even quicker than that of our German neighbours in catching up a tune, we venture on personal experience to affirm, from the fact that during a two years' sojourn in Cologne, one of the most musical of German cities, we never heard but *one* melody whistled in the streets, though with that we were pestered incessantly. This was the burden of it:—



It probably owes its popularity to its adoption as a carnival melody, for which in each year fresh words, suggested by passing events of the times, were composed, and sung by all during carnival; but that from one carnival to another it should not give way to other tunes of a higher kind,

seems strange, when we reflect that in London streets we constantly hear the newest dance and operatic tunes, and, indeed, for our first acquaintance with some of them, are often indebted to the whistling of some erratic butcher's-boy.

A proper step in the right direction has been made at New College, Oxford, by the founding of Choral Scholarships, of the value of £90 per annum each, tenable by undergraduates, a proficiency in vocal music being necessary to their attainment. This seems to be the very best conceivable mode of forming a really efficient and satisfactory choir, as the members of it, being *in statu pupillari*, would be under control, and the services of those independent gentlemen, whose vulgarity of pronunciation and irreverent behaviour is almost universally a disgrace to our cathedrals and college chapels, would be dispensed with. But to insure success in this way, it will be necessary for the Choral Scholars to have received, along with their other studies, an efficient musical education. How they are to obtain this is difficult to determine, unless it be at such schools as St. Peter's, Radley; St. Michael's, Tenbury; or at the Forest School, Walthamstow; the only establishments we know of where music is considered of equal importance with the other branches of a general education.

Having been present at the "opening" of a new organ at the last-named school, we can testify to the success of the plan of insisting upon every member of the school receiving instruction in class singing and the grammar of music; the result being the performance of choral service twice a day by a competent Four-part Antiphonal Choir of about twenty-five voices selected from among seventy boys; and the ability of these to provide a concert for their parents and friends at the end of each term.

The Oxford Musical Professor, we understand, has done much for his University. Why does not Cambridge also allow her Professor an opportunity of giving efficiency to the Professorship—at present but a complimentary title of distinction conferred upon our greatest English musician—by admitting him to take his stand among the other professorial lecturers, a course of one or more of whose lectures candidates for the ordinary degree are obliged to attend? By Dr. Whewell's own showing the aim of the Cambridge course of instruction is not so much to provide the recipients with a fund of useful information as to discipline the mind for further studies.

Surely the study of the theory of music may be made as good a mental exercise as that of modern history, moral philosophy, political economy, or of any other of the subjects on which professorial lectures are provided. We commend it, therefore, to the heads of our universities, and to the masters of our public and private schools, as a matter of consideration whether the increasing taste for music, the improvement of the musical portion of the Liturgy in our churches, the consequent demand for clergymen possessed of some musical knowledge, the institution of choral scholarships at Oxford, are not signs of the times, which point to the necessity of admitting music more generally, as a science and not as a mere pastime, into the routine of our educational system.

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

[In a former Number we noticed the arrival in this country of the journals and maps of the expedition under Mr. Macdougall Stuart, and we now proceed to give a summary of the more prominent points connected with the reading of the documents at the last Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society.]

JOURNAL of an Exploratory Expedition, in the year 1860, from "Chambers' Creek" (in south latitude 29° 35', and about 200 miles N. by W. from the head of "Spencer Gulf"), on a general course, slightly to the westward of N., to two points in south latitude, about 18° 47', the westernmost of these points lying 258 miles S.E. from Gregory's "Depot" on the Victoria, and 100 miles farther north than Gregory's farthest South on Sturt Creek; and the easternmost lying about 70 miles south of the latitude of the extreme south of the Gulf of Carpentaria. The expedition was equipped and supplied by Mr. James Chambers and Mr. William Finke, and conducted by Mr. John Macdougall Stuart.

The subject divides itself into five distinct portions:—

1st. The course for about 400 miles from "Chambers' Creek" to nearly "Chambers' Pillar," across flat-topped hills of the recent secondary and tertiary formations, with several large watercourses flowing from the westward towards the E. and S.

2nd. The course for about 200 miles farther, from "Chambers' Pillar" to "Mount Central Stuart," across four parallel mountain-ranges with a granitic basis, running from about 10° N. of W. to 10° S. of E., and forming, evidently, the great dividing barrier between the northern and southern waters of Australia.

3rd. An attempt for 130 miles towards the N.W., from "Mount Centre," by "Mount Denison," and across the "Fisher" watercourse, into gum-tree plains destitute of surface water. Return to "Mount Centre" by "Mount Rennie."

4th. The course for about 230 miles from "Mount Centre" northward. First, across a low country for about 90 miles, and then through four mountain-ranges, of which the general mass, tending northward and southward, appears to divide the watercourses which run towards the Victoria river from those which flow towards the Gulf of Carpentaria. Concluded by an attempt towards the N.W., ineffectual from the extreme thickness of the scrub, and another towards the N.E., successful until the party was encountered by a body of warlike natives.

5th. The return journey to Chambers' Creek.

Mr. Stuart left Chambers' Creek, in South Australia, at the beginning of March, with Mr. Keckwick and one other man and 13 horses, and proceeded in a north-westerly direction, the object being to penetrate the continent to Cambridge Gulf, on the north-western coast. As he proceeded, instead of meeting with an arid desert, as geologists had predicted, he found a well-watered country, with numerous creeks, several rivers, abundance of grass and scrub. The geological character of the country was for the first 400 miles tertiary and secondary, and occasionally he saw large masses of sandstone. He then crossed a high primary range and for the remainder of his advance met with little else than the older rocks, or those of volcanic formation. He proceeded without meeting any serious obstacle and without encountering any of the natives until he reached the centre of Australia. There he erected a pile of stones, planted the British flag, and inclosed within the pile a bottle containing a paper with the notice of the fact. This occurred on the 15th of June. On his progress north-west his difficulties commenced. The scrub was in places impenetrable, and he was obliged to make his route more easterly towards the Gulf of Carpentaria. Water became scarce and the soil sandy. The vegetation hitherto met with

had been principally scrub and gum-trees, but on approaching the central regions he saw palm-trees. Water was procured at a short distance underground, but there was none on the surface. The country Mr. Stuart had passed through after the first, or M'Donnell range, had been undulatory or flat, but on advancing north he came to ranges of mountainous hills, the principal of which he called the Murchison range, and from these hills the rivers that flow N.W. and N.E. take their rise. Looking from an eminence towards the west, he saw a high mountain and elevated ground. The valleys between the ranges of hills were fertile, and one river, which was flowing towards the N. by W., was about 10 chains wide, and had the appearance of being a constant stream. This he conceived to be the character of many of the creeks and springs that he came to. On looking towards the east there were indications in the atmosphere of the presence of a large body of water behind the high land which bounded the horizon in that direction.

Until he had reached the range of hills, he had not seen many natives, although numerous traces of them were frequently observed; but then they began to show themselves and make hostile signs. Two of them were first seen near the scrub, but as soon as Mr. Stuart approached they ran away. A few days afterwards they appeared in great numbers, and, with menaces, made signs to his party to go back. It was in vain that Mr. Stuart made friendly demonstrations, and at last the natives threw a shower of boomerangs at him. His men were ordered to load their guns, and as the savages approached nearer for the purpose of surrounding the little party, they were compelled to fire. The savages did not desert from their attacks, and a second volley was fired at them. Under these circumstances Mr. Stuart, with great reluctance, felt obliged to retrace his steps. He returned to the point he started from on the 9th of September, after having travelled 2,300 miles in six months and two days, and having penetrated within 250 miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria. The geological character of the mountainous ranges was igneous, the appearance of quartz and other granitic rocks, giving evidence of the presence of metallic treasures. Only one portion of the route, for the distance of 60 miles, was sterile and sandy. During one of his encounters with the natives, Mr. Stuart was surprised to receive from an aged chief a Masonic sign, which, having answered, the chief appeared greatly satisfied.

After the reading of the journals, Sir Roderick Murchison, in congratulating the Society upon the success of the expedition, by which so much valuable land had unexpectedly been added to our colonial empire, frankly acknowledged that he had hitherto supported the theory, in opposition to Colonel Gawler and Captain Sturt, that the interior of the Australian continent was nothing but an arid, saline desert. He also expressed a hope that these discoveries would lead to the establishment on the north coast of the continent of a permanent settlement.

Colonel Gawler (formerly Governor of South Australia) rejoiced in the successful issue of Mr. Stuart's explorations, not so much because it had proved the correctness of his own anticipations, in opposition to Professor Jukes and other geologists, but on account of the immense addition it opened up for the extension of our great Australian colonies. Australia might now find room for a far greater population.

Mr. Bonney (lately arrived from South Australia) while expressing his admiration of the exploring qualifications of Mr. Stuart, thought that no hasty conclusions should be drawn from the result of this journey, as the country in the interior bore most different aspects at different periods of rain or dearth.

Colonel Sykes remarked upon the meteorological conditions of equatorial regions, and could see no reasons why Australia should not be as well furnished with water during the south-west and north-east monsoons.

Lord Alfred Churchill stated that the observations of Sir Roderick Murchison fully agreed with those of Sir Charles Nicholson respecting the formation of a settlement in Northern Australia.

Count Strzelecki, with great pleasure, followed the geologists in acknowledging his error in the view that the whole of the interior of the Australian Continent was but an arid desert.

The President having again congratulated the Society upon the importance of the discoveries made by Mr. Stuart, to whom the Council had already, two years ago, presented a valuable watch for former services, adjourned the Meeting to the 28th instant.

LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

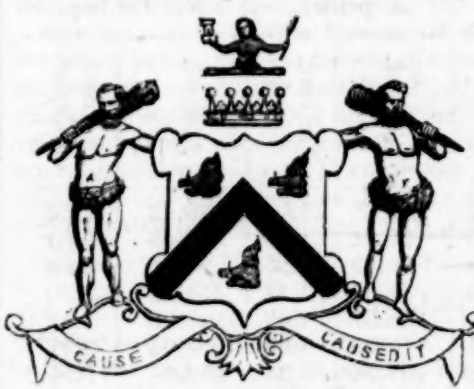
FRIDAY, January 18th, was the first evening meeting of the Royal Institution for the present season. It was a marked night. The subject of "Radiant Heat" was not new. Black, Lavoisier, Leslie, Forbes, and Melloni have severally dealt with it. But the influences of gases and vapours upon the rays of heat emanating from a dark hot surface had scarcely engaged any philosopher's attention before it was taken up by Dr. Tyndall. This was the subject of the evening. We have said it was a marked night. It was so because the discoveries were published by the discoverer in a manner never to be forgotten by those who listened to Dr. Tyndall's explanations, and witnessed experiments requiring the utmost refinements of modern science to relieve them from error, so delicate were they, and yet made manifest to every one of the five hundred persons present. Pale and anxious with the weight of the truths he had to enunciate, tremulous with emotion lest his experiments should fail to interpret his facts, Dr. Tyndall commenced his lecture less happily than usual. As a lecture this one was not equal to many which Dr. Tyndall has delivered in the same place. As a demonstration of facts new to human knowledge it has never been excelled. Let us endeavour to make the new-born truths clear to our readers. The solar rays pour light and heat upon the earth; the heat-rays are absorbed, according to a well-known law; and when material substances are not absorbing heat, they are radiating it back again into space. But the heat radiated from dark bodies, differs in many respects from the heat proceeding from luminous bodies. The ethereal power sent us from the sun loses some of its spirituality on touching this base earth, and becomes a more useful agent than it was, to perform its great tasks in nature. To discover the peculiarities of these terrestrial radiations was Dr. Tyndall's task. Ever eluding his grasp, refusing to answer to his call—long was the chase. Eventually, by the aid of instruments of a more refined character than any hitherto made, the evocator caught the sprite and compelled it to utterance. These dark heat-rays pass without loss through absolutely dry air. They permeate many of the gases, but the perfectly colourless and transparent Olifant gas stops their progress. Amongst vapours, the dark-coloured bi-sulphide of carbon opposes no obstruction, but the attenuated vapour of ether stops them altogether, and the vapour of water admits of their permeation with difficulty. These are, in brief, the new facts. Great is the value of these truths. In practice, may we not use dry air and ether-vapour where we desire to cool surfaces rapidly—not by their expansion or evaporation, but by forming an air-chest, or an ether-chest, instead of one of steam, around them? But why talk of applications? No truth,

however abstract it may at first appear to be, was yet born unto man which did not eventually minister to his necessities. These truths tell us that carbon-vapour in air would facilitate the radiant action of the earth's surface, and occasion its rapid cooling; but that water vapour prevents the heat radiations from passing away, and preserves to us that terrestrial temperature which is necessary for the healthful existence of animals and plants. The Gulf Stream coming warm from the tropics, charges the air with moisture, and this envelope, spreading over our islands, compels the heat absorbed from the sun by day to remain in the earth by night, and thus preserves to us the mean annual temperature of 50°. If any circumstance changed this order of things, so that the atmosphere became drier, we might suddenly find ourselves involved in all the severities of an Arctic climate. Such are the truths discovered by this young philosopher!—At the Zoological Society Mr. Adam White communicated descriptions of two new species of Crustaceans, belonging to the families Callinassidae and Squillidae, *Callinassa Turneriana* from the Cameroons river, West Africa, and *Goniodactylus Guerinii*, from the Fiji Islands. Mr. R. F. Jones described a collection of bats from the Damara country, in South West Africa, made in 1859 by Mr. Anderson, the well-known traveller, and which has been submitted to Mr. Jones' examination, by J. H. Gurney, Esq., M.P. The collection proved to contain three new species, which were proposed to be called *Kirivoula argentea*, *Scotophilus rusticus* and *S. variegatus*. Mr. Bartlett read a note on the silvergrey, and black-nosed varieties of the domestic rabbit living in the Society's gardens, in reference to the origin of these breeds. Mr. Slater announced the arrival at the Gardens of a specimen of *Ælian's Wart Hog* (*Thacocheirus Æliani*), presented by her Majesty the Queen. This is the first instance of its being brought alive to this country. Mr. Slater also exhibited a specimen of the American Meadow Starling (*Sturnella Ludoviciana*), killed near Diss, in Norfolk, and submitted to his examination by the Rev. H. Temple Frere. Letters were read from Dr. Bennett relative to a singular bird from New Caledonia (*Rhinocetus jubatus*), living in an aviary at Sydney in November last; and from Captain John M. Daw, corresponding member, giving some details concerning the reproduction of a species of *Anableps* found in the rivers of Central America. Dr. J. E. Gray pointed out the characters of a new species of tortoise from Cambogia, and proposed to call it *Trionyx ornatus*.—At the Society of Antiquaries, a Letter of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, was exhibited by Richard Almack, Esq., J.S.A., and illustrated by remarks from Augustus W. Franks, Director. Also the "Instructions" given to the Parliamentary Commissioners who went to Newport in 1648, to treat with the king.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LORD ELPHINSTONE.

On Sunday, the 13th instant, at Bournemouth, aged 41, the Right Hon. John, thirteenth Lord Elphinstone in the peerage of Scotland. The deceased nobleman



was the eldest son of the late Hon. Charles Elphinstone, M.P. (second son of the eleventh lord), who assumed the name of Fleming on inheriting the estates of the last Earl of Wigton. His lordship was born in 1819; he entered the army in 1838, and was for some time in the 17th Lancers; he became lieutenant-colonel 2nd Light Dragoons in 1852. He succeeded to the Scottish honours about six or seven months since, upon the death of his cousin, the late Lord Elphinstone, G.C.B., Governor of Bombay, who had been created an English peer in the previous year. As he lived and died unmarried, the Scotch title and estates pass to his cousin, Captain William Buller Fullerton Elphinstone, R.N., eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel James Elphinstone, who was a son of the Hon. W. F. Elphinstone, third son of the tenth lord, and who assumed the additional name of Buller on his marriage with Anna Maria, only child and heiress of Sir Edward Buller, Baronet, of Trenant Park, Cornwall. Captain Buller-Elphinstone, now twelfth Lord Elphinstone, according to the *County Families*, was born in 1828, and became Commander R.N. in 1856. He served with distinction in the Crimea, and is a Knight of the 3rd class of the Order of the Medjidie. He is unmarried, and his brother and heir presumptive is Captain E. C. Elphinstone, late of the 92nd Highlanders, who is married to a daughter of the Right Hon. Sir G. Clerk, Bart.

SIR R. P. JODRELL, BART.

On Monday, the 14th inst., at his residence in Portland-place, aged 80, Sir Richard Paul Jodrell, Bart. He was the eldest son of the late Richard Paul



Jodrell, Esq., of Duffield, by Virtue, daughter of Edward Hase, Esq., of Sall Park, and was born in 1780, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1804. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's-Inn in 1806. He succeeded to the title as second Baronet on the death of his great-uncle in 1817. He was a Magistrate and a Deputy-Lieutenant for Derbyshire and Norfolk, and enjoyed the patronage of one living. He married, in 1814, Amelia Caroline, natural daughter of the third Earl of Kingston, by whom (who died last year) he had issue a daughter, married, in 1842, to Charles Fitz-Gerald Higgins, Esq., of Trafalgar Park, co. Mayo, and also three sons; the youngest of the latter died in childhood, and his eldest son, Richard Paul Hase Jodrell, Esq., married a daughter of the Earl of Mountcashell, and died, without surviving issue, in 1855; and, accordingly, the title and estates devolve on the deceased baronet's second but only surviving son, the Rev. Edward Repps Jodrell, Rector of Saxlington and Sharnington, Norfolk, and a magistrate for that county, now third Baronet. He was born in 1825, and married, in 1852, Lucinda Emma Maria, daughter of Robert T. Garden, Esq., of River Lyons, King's co., Ireland. He was educated at Eton and Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1848, and proceeded M.A. in 1850. The baronetcy was conferred, in 1783, upon John Hase, Esq., of Sall Park, who assumed his maternal ancestor's name of Lombe, as being the descendant of an elder branch of the family of Alderman Sir Thomas Lombe, Knt., of London, the individual who, as recorded by Sir Bernard Burke, "disguised as a silk weaver, procured from Piedmont a model

of the silk machine, and introduced into England the process of silk-throwing, for which great service to the manufacturing interests of the nation he received a Parliamentary grant of £14,000," and was subsequently created a baronet, with special remainder to his grand-nephew, the gentleman so recently deceased.

THE DEAN OF EXETER.

On Thursday, the 17th instant, in the Cathedral Close, Exeter, aged 79, the Very Rev. Thomas Hill Peregrine Furse Lowe, M.A., Dean of Exeter. The deceased dignitary of the church was the eldest son of the late Thomas Humphrey Lowe, Esq., of Bromsgrove, Worcester-shire, by Lucy, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Hill, Esq., M.P., of Court of Hill, co. Salop, and was born in 1781. According to Crockford's "Clerical Directory," he was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1805, and proceeded M.A. in 1818. He married, in 1808, Ellen Lucy, eldest daughter of George Pardoe, Esq., of Nash Court, co. Salop. He was ordained deacon in 1808, and priest in 1810; he was, for some years, Vicar of Grimley-cum-Hallow, in the diocese of Worcester, and subsequently Rector of Holy Trinity, Exeter. He had held the deanery of Exeter for twenty-two years, having succeeded Dean Landon in 1839, at which time there was a contest between the Crown and the Chapter as to the right of appointment—the Crown nominating the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell, and the Chapter appointing the deceased gentleman, who was then a Canon of Exeter Cathedral. After a trial, however, the suit terminated in favour of the Chapter, and Dean Lowe was duly installed. By a recent Act of Parliament, the deanery is now vested in the patronage of the Crown, and is worth £1,000 per annum. Dean Lowe was also a magistrate for Shropshire, and in his property there he is succeeded by his son George, who was born in 1813, and, according to the "County Families," married, in 1842, Louisa, daughter of Thomas Crockenden, Esq., of Rushford Hall, Suffolk. Dean Lowe was the author of a volume of Sermons preached in Exeter Cathedral, and also of several theological tracts, including one upon "The Absolving Power of the Church." According to Sir B. Burke, the family of Lowe was established in England by one of the companions in arms of the Conqueror, and has kept up an unbroken male succession since that time.

J. HEATHCOAT, ESQ.

On Friday, the 18th instant, at Tiverton, Devonshire, aged 77, John Heathcoat, Esq., of Bolham House, formerly M.P. for that borough. The deceased gentleman was born in 1783, in humble life, and, we believe, was a native of Loughborough, Leicestershire. In early life he made some scientific improvements in the manufacture of lace, which he carried with him into the west of England, and settled at Tiverton, where he established some extensive mills, and laid the foundation of a large fortune. Mr. Heathcoat was, for many years, in the commission of the peace for Devonshire, and sat for Tiverton, in the Liberal interest, from 1832 down to the last general election in 1859 (when he retired from public life), and for all but the first two years of that time as the colleague of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Heathcoat was married, and has left a family of children and grand-children to lament his loss, which will also be felt extensively in the neighbourhood of Tiverton.

SIR G. SCOVELL, G.C.B.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., at Henley Park, near Guildford, Surrey, aged 86, General Sir George Scovell, G.C.B. He was the son of George Scovell, Esq., of Cirencester, and his mother was a daughter of John Fielding, Esq. He was born in London in 1774, entered the army in 1798, and served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, and received the cross and clasp for his services at the battles of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, and Toulouse; he also took part in the battle of Waterloo, and for his services there he was made a K.C.B., and received the order of St. Vladimir, first class. The deceased General was Governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, from 1837 to 1856, when he resigned, and had held the Colonelcy of the 4th Dragoons since 1848. He attained the rank of full General in 1854, and was promoted early last year to be a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. He married in 1805 a daughter of Samuel Clowes, Esq., of Broughton, Lancashire, but was left a widower in 1854.

MRS. HITCHCOCK.

On the 15th instant, at Sion Spring House, Clifton, aged 73, Mrs. Hitchcock. She was Martha, second daughter of Sir William Gibbons, third baronet, of Stanwell Place, near Staines, by Rebecca, daughter of Vice-Admiral Watson, and sister of Sir Charles Watson, Bart. She married, early in the present century, the Rev. Roger Hitchcock, but was left a widow several years ago.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Vincent Figgins, Esq., of West Smithfield, and of Southgate, type-founder, who died at Nice, in France, on the 21st of December last, at the age of 54, executed his will on the 4th of March, 1852, and a codicil on the 20th of February, 1857, nominating as his executors his relict, and Joseph McCrea, Esq., of Compton-terrace, Islington, surgeon, who duly proved the same on the 21st of the present month; the personalty being sworn under £50,000. He has liberally provided for his widow, as will be seen by the following bequests. The testator directs the sum of £1,000 to be paid to her immediately, and a further sum of £5,000 within twelve months after his decease. She also takes certain shares which Mr. Figgins possessed in the Stationers' Company, together with the furniture, carriages, and other effects, and a life-interest in the whole of his property, exclusive of the three following legacies: first of £3,000 to his sister, Mary Figgins; secondly, £3,000 to his nephew, Daniel Figgins; and thirdly, £250, free of legacy-duty, to Mr. McCrea, his executor. The residue of the testator's property, on the decease of the widow, devolves to his three brothers and three sisters, in equal proportions. Mr. Figgins, who was for many years the principal partner in one of the most eminent type-foundries existing in London, by a steady course of industry, accompanied by strictly honourable conduct, has acquired a very handsome fortune. This gentleman affords another out of the numerous examples which we so constantly see, of the result of persevering energy, influenced by honourable dealing, correct principles, and high moral conduct. It is

much to be regretted that this gentleman died rather prematurely, and his loss will be long felt by a numerous circle of friends.

Major-General Frederick Blundell, C.B., of Her Majesty's Indian army, late of Madras, died on the 5th of July last, at Cheltenham, having made his will on the 27th of March, 1857, which was proved in the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras, on the 26th of October last, by William Arbuthnot, Esq., merchant, in that presidency, the lawfully appointed attorney of Major John Debrissey Mein, of the Indian army, one of the executors. The will has also been proved in the London Court, on the 18th of the present month, by Mrs. Amelia Blundell, the relict, one other of the executors; the General having died possessed of property both in India and in England. This gentleman was attached to Her Majesty's Indian army, and had attained to the rank of Major-General, and for his distinguished military services had received the honour of Companion of the most honourable military order of the Bath. The testator has bequeathed his property, which appears to be principally invested in Indian securities, to his wife and four daughters. The money securities he leaves to his widow for her life, and on her decease it is to devolve to his daughters equally amongst them. The General then gives the residue of his property to his widow absolutely. There is a legacy of 1,000 rupees bequeathed to his executor Major Mein.

James Lindsay Barclay, Esq., of Farringdon-street and of Dulwich Common, Surrey, died on the 4th of the present month, at his residence at Dulwich, having executed his will on the 25th of March, 1854, and there is a codicil bearing date the 17th of April, 1856. The executors nominated are his relict, Mrs. Sophia Barclay, and the testator's nephew, James Barclay Hennell. Probate was granted on the 19th instant, and the personalty was sworn under £35,000. This will, which is of moderate dimensions, is strictly a family one, and the dispositions contained in it are as follows. The testator bequeaths to his wife the whole of his estate, real and personal, for her life, and has directed the realty to be sold, to make one common fund with the personal property. This entire sum, on the decease of Mrs. Barclay, the testator directs to be divided equally between his three daughters. To his relict he has also bequeathed the furniture of every description contained in his residence and elsewhere, together with his carriages and all other effects. To each of his three daughters Mr. Barclay gives an immediate legacy of £1,000, also a legacy of £100 to his nephew, the above-named executor. Mr. Barclay was well known, and popularly celebrated as one of the most prominent wholesale and retail vendors of patent medicines in the metropolis. By a successful career of persevering industry he has accumulated a handsome fortune. The business has been very long established, and was designated in our London directories as "Barclay & Sons, Patent Medicine Warehouse, 95, Fleet-market," which, after its transformation, obtained its present name of Farringdon-street. Mr. Barclay, the testator, died rather prematurely, having only attained the age of fifty-two.

Richard Maugham, Esq., of Lee House, Old Brompton, died at his residence on the 4th of this month. His will, which is upon a printed form, bears date the 19th of April, 1858. The attesting witnesses thereto are Charles Biggs, 122, Bishopsgate-street, and George Reynolds, 22, 'Savage-gardens, Tower-hill. The executors therein nominated, are the testator's son, Mr. Henry Maugham, and Mr. Henry Larchin; the latter alone has administered to the will. The personal property was sworn under £25,000, and probate was granted by the London court on the 14th instant. This respectable gentleman has left a large family consisting of nine children, chiefly daughters, amongst whom he has bequeathed his property in equal sums, share and share alike. There is one legacy of £1,000 left to a lady who appears to have had the management of the testator's household. This gentleman resided in a locality, which, according to the statement of a celebrated historian, in his account of London, was in former times infested with highwaymen and footpads, who laid wait for the return of its peaceful citizens to their suburban homes at Brompton. The present appearance of this crowded and rather favourite spot affords a striking contrast to those by-gone days, and supplies the mind with matter fraught with deep reflection.

Joseph Hallam, Esq., of Hampstead, Middlesex, died 28th of November last, at his residence, having executed his will, bearing date the 25th of August, 1856, appointing his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Hallam, sole executrix, who duly proved the same in the London Court on the 15th of this month, the personal property being sworn under £7,000. The will is very short, disposing of his entire property, with the exception of some small pecuniary legacies to his two sisters and a niece, exclusively to his relict, for her own absolute use and benefit. This respectable gentleman resided in a locality adjacent to Hampstead-heath, one of the most open and healthy spots around London. It has been truly said that Hampstead-heath forms a portion of the lungs of the metropolis, and we most earnestly hope that the public will never be excluded from its enjoyment by its becoming inclosed or apportioned out under building leases.

Elias Chartier, Esq., of Lewisham, Kent, died on the 7th of December last, having made his will on the 13th of October preceding, which was proved in London on the 11th of this month, by his relict, his son-in-law John Atkins, and Josiah Forsaith, the executors and trustees. The personalty was sworn under £7,000, which, together with his other estates, he has made chargeable with an annuity of £200 for his relict, to whom he also leaves his leasehold residence, together with the furniture contained in it; and on this lady's decease, the testator directs annuities of £100 to be settled upon each of his daughters, who may at that time be unmarried, and the residue to be divided amongst his other children. Mr. Chartier has one son and four daughters.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL LAWS.—Lord Brougham, in his recent work on "The British Constitution," gives the following illustration of "Laws," which, though binding during the term of their operation, would be grossly "unconstitutional." "A bill, passed into a statute, which should permanently prohibit public meetings, without consent of the government, would be as valid and binding a law as the Great Charter, or the Act of Settlement; but a more unconstitutional law could not well be devised. So a law giving the soldiers, or the militia, the power of choosing their officers, or a law withdrawing the military wholly from the jurisdiction of the Courts of Law, would be as binding and valid as the yearly Mutiny Act. But it would violate most grievously the whole spirit of our Constitution. In like manner, letting the people choose their own judges, whether of the Courts of Westminster, or Justices of the Peace, would be as unconstitutional a law, as letting the Crown name the juries in all civil and criminal cases."

Reviews of Books.

THE GREAT SAHARA.*

To write a book of travels about the great desert of Sahara which shall not be as dry as the desert itself, is as great an achievement as to penetrate into its most solitary recesses. We congratulate Mr. Tristram on having accomplished both feats. His was no ordinary winter's excursion into the Atlas, nor does his narrative consist of the crude jottings of a cockney tourist in Algiers. Like a true traveller, he gets to his work with as little delay as possible, and the first hundred pages carry us to the advanced French outposts. From this point all is untrodden ground, and unexplored by any European, except in parts where a flying French column had pushed its reconnaissances into the desert in the vain attempt to inflict punishment upon its predatory inhabitants. Furnished with good letters, and as many guarantees for protection as the commanding officer of Laghouat, the furthest French post, can give them, our travellers strike south for Ghardaia, the chief city of the Mozabite Republic. Here a collection of oases attracted, some 800 years ago, a wandering tribe, who, expelled by turbulent neighbours from the shores of the Red Sea, finally settled themselves in the great desert, where, to this day, they remain a peculiar people, distinguished from all the neighbouring Arab tribes by their system of government, their language, the sectarian form of their religion, and, above all, by their commercial probity, morality, industry, and enterprise. For a fortnight our two clergymen found themselves the guests of this interesting race, and were fairly captivated by their charms.

"Well," says the Rev. Mr. Tristram, "may we be sorry to leave the Mozab. They are a mild, gentle race, evidently wholly distinct from the Arabs, with nothing of Ishmael in their face, habits, or language. They are more like the Jews, yet very different from them in contour and in many peculiar traits, living on fruits—fruit buyers and sellers, loving quiet, disliking Bedouin wildness. The women do not appear much in public, but are scarcely so secluded as usual in Mahomedan towns. P—, who used from our housetop to watch them on their own with his telescope, made out satisfactorily three several styles of dress, their deshabille, full dress, and promenade envelope, all different from the Arab costume."

For a full description of their toilet we must refer the reader to the result of the observations of the reverend gentleman, made under these very favourable circumstances. After taking such an unfair advantage of them, it is hardly gallant to tell us, in conclusion, that "these ladies are very dark, and besides these decorations have red or black patches of paint on the forehead, and a black patch on the end of the nose, 'making night hideous.'" In spite of the unpropitious piece of colouring, we confess to share our author's interest in the Mozabites, and are grateful to him for giving this account of a race who were described to him by a French officer as "the very Protestants of Mohammedanism." It is interesting to remark that the Jews maintain the Mozabs to be the lineal descendants of the ancient Moabites, of whom a portion emigrated to the west, and they found this assertion upon the alleged connection between their language and the Hebrew. There is no doubt that they claim kindred with the Weled Hamman, a race on the east coast, whom the Jews assert to be the children of Ammon. That they are in some distant exile we gather from the language of prophecy which predicts their restoration:—"Yet will I bring again the captivity of Moab in the latter days, saith the Lord."—Jeremiah, ch. xlviii., v. 47. We have no space to follow Mr. Tristram further in his interesting account of this almost unknown people:—

"I dared not have incurred the risk," he remarks, "of wearying my readers with so prolix an account of the Mozab, did I not feel convinced that we have too generally been in the habit of classing all the tribes of Northern Africa as very nearly allied, and that we seem to have in this people a race which stands out distinct from all others in religion, in habits, in political constitution, and in physiognomy, and therefore well merits more accurate investigation than has ever yet been accorded to it."

From the seven cities of the Mozab our travellers push still further into the desert until they reach Waregla, a city never before entered by any European, and owning a scarcely nominal allegiance to the French, who claim a suzerainty over an indefinite number of tribes in this direction, which is, however, never recognised. No Frenchman had ever entered Waregla, which is the residence of a Khalif, and a place of the greatest importance in this part of the Sahara. From hence caravan routes diverge to Timbuctoo, Agades, Ghadames, and other cities of the desert; and from its gates stretch away to the southward the country of the wild Touargs, the most celebrated and formidable of all the desert tribes, across whose country no European has ever yet passed, though we were promised, in the *Moniteur*, a regularly organized expedition this winter, which was to push through the Mozab, Waregla, Tonat, and the Tonarez, to Timbuctoo, and so to unite French Algeria with French Senegambia. This expedition probably originated in the fertile imagination of a Jules Gerard, an Alexander Dumas, or some equally audacious romancer. All we can say is, that if the French were our worst enemies, instead of our dear allies, we should like to see them try it. Our travellers were driven out of Waregla by wars and rumours of wars, and compelled to make the best of their way to the French frontier, if such a thing can be said to exist, through bodies of hostile Arabs lying in wait to plunder them. By forced marches and great precaution they escaped all these perils, and found themselves once more in a state of comparative civilization, and revelling in French cookery. Here it is time for us to leave them, not without a hope that this interesting record of their experiences may tempt some enterprising tourist to open more fully a field of exploration, which promises so much both of interest and adventure.

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA AND ITS METEOROLOGY.†

SIR JOSEPH BANKS is said to have discovered Fingal's Cave, in the island of Staffa. It had been known from time immemorial to the rude fishermen of the Hebrides, and may, for aught we know, have held a prominent place in the traditions of the Irish race; but it is very certain that previous to the northern tour of the English naturalist it had not been heard of by men of science or general readers. The great Dr. Franklin made a somewhat similar discovery. When in London, in 1770, the American philosopher was consulted about a memorial which the Board of Customs at Boston had sent to the Lords of the Treasury, in which it was stated that the packets from Falmouth were generally a fortnight later in making the passage to America than ordinary traders from London. How, it was asked, could this happen, the distance from London being greater than that from Falmouth by all the length of the English Channel? Franklin was puzzled. To clear up the mystery he sought out Captain Folger, a Nantucket whaler, who was at the time in the Thames. Just as the fishermen of the Hebrides knew of Fingal's Cave, the old whaler knew the cause of the slow voyages of the English captains. There was, he said, a great stream of warm

water flowing northwards from the Gulf of Mexico into the Atlantic. It had been made known to the fishermen of New England by the fact that in its tepid waters no whales are ever found, while these animals are most abundant in the colder waters which bound it on either side. The American shipmasters, he added, avoid this stream; the English shipmasters keep in it, and, unknown to themselves, are drifted out of their tracks from sixty to seventy miles a day. At the request of Dr. Franklin, Folger traced upon a map of the Atlantic the course and outline of this great current, and to it the name of the Gulf Stream was given. The chart was engraved at Tower-hill, and copies of it were sent to the Falmouth captains; but they were too wise in their own conceit to profit by the information it contained. The discovery was one of immense importance. The approach to the American coast is very dangerous in winter, when violent storms prevail all along the seaboard. If a vessel is caught in one of these storms, the snow and spray soon convert it into one mass of ice, while the seamen, unprepared for such weather, are frostbitten and disabled by the cold. Before the discovery of the Gulf Stream, it was customary for vessels so distressed to repair for refuge to the West Indies, there to await the return of the summer. Now they merely put back into the hot current till the tempest has blown past.

"After a few hours' run," says Captain Maury, in speaking of a ship under such circumstances, "she reaches the edge of the stream, and almost at the next bound passes from the midst of winter into a sea of summer heat. Now the ice disappears from her apparel; the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid waters, feeling himself invigorated and refreshed with the genial warmth about him. He realizes out there, at sea, the fable of Antæus and mother earth."

Dr. Franklin's discovery was made in 1775, just at the time when the American war was on the eve of breaking forth. It was not then made public for political reasons. When the peace was concluded, all the facts which had been collected regarding the Gulf Stream were published, and the result produced was instantaneous; the passage to the northern states being shortened from eight weeks to four, while that to the southern states remained the same. In a few years the monopoly of commerce, which had theretofore been enjoyed by Charleston, was transferred to the northern states, the prosperity and political influence of the latter being thereby immensely increased. Will it be believed, that important as a knowledge of the Gulf Stream is to all maritime states, Captain Folger's chart remained, down to our own times, the only source of information regarding it? Could any fact better illustrate the importance of inquiries into the currents and prevalent winds of the ocean? The Americans, more than any other people, from their isolated position, have an interest in all inquiries which tend to diminish the length of oceanic voyages. It was natural, then, that Captain Maury, the able superintendent of the Observatory at Washington, should devote his attention to that department of meteorological inquiry best calculated to promote this object. The experience this gentleman had enjoyed as an officer in the navy of the United States, convinced him that neither the currents nor the winds had been studied with the care and attention demanded by their intimate connection with navigation. The happy thought struck him that he might glean from old log-books a vast deal of information concerning these phenomena. He made the attempt, and constructed from a vast mass of heterogeneous materials "wind and current charts," showing where the most favourable currents and winds were to be met, and how the quickest voyage between two points might be made.

The value of Captain Maury's labours was at once appreciated, but the information they supplied was very imperfect until he induced the American shipmasters to keep their logs according to a form supplied by the Observatory. Not satisfied, however, with the facts so ascertained even when a thousand observers had been enlisted, the indefatigable meteorologist induced the Government of the United States to invite the maritime States to a congress at Brussels. The congress was held, and a uniform scheme of observation was adopted, the result of the measures since taken being that the first plate in Captain Maury's present volume represents data, which, if collected by a force specially employed for the purpose, "would have demanded constant occupation from a fleet of ten sail for more than a hundred years."

In the interesting work, of which this is the eighth edition, Captain Maury embodies the conclusions which have resulted from this vast series of observations, and endeavours to reconcile them with the great principles of meteorological science. Each chapter is a book in itself, and we can do little more than indicate the subjects treated of. Deep-sea soundings have recently made us familiar with a great part of the bed of the ocean—and a map is now published showing the mountains and valleys hid under the waves of the Atlantic almost as accurately as we can represent the contour lines of the European continent. The comparative saltiness of the ocean is next studied—perhaps an undue importance being attached by the author to this subject as a means of explaining the cause of currents. The motions of the ocean follow: an admirable account being given of the phenomena connected with the gulf stream in connection with a valuable map of this current. In opposition to the most eminent physicists Captain Maury attributes comparatively little importance to the tides and the winds in the production of the great eddies which, although they whirl round vast banks of sea-weed in all the great oceans, yet have a general westerly movement. The winds are then described, as also the three great belts of calms which surround the globe at the equator and the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. To the latter the author gives the names of the "doldrums," or "horse latitudes"—useful terms, which should be adopted by physical geographers. Following the description of the equatorial calm belt comes a hypothesis of Captain Maury that the winds of the north and south blow through each other at the equator, in which, although the doctrine is supported by a text of holy writ rather oddly jumbled up with scientific considerations, we fear that the author will not be followed by other men of science. The rest of the book is devoted to the monsoons, storms, hurricanes and typhoons, drift, the geological action of the winds, red fogs, the arctic and antarctic regions and sea routes. It, in short, exhausts the whole subject of the geography and meteorology of the sea. And now, it may be asked, what practical results have been accomplished by Captain Maury? The reply is in the mouth of every seafaring man. Thanks to his observations, the passage to California which, before the publication of the charts, took 183 days, has been reduced to 135; that to Australia, which took 124 days, has been reduced to 67, the homeward passage having been made even in 63 days under canvas alone. An estimate was made at the meeting of the British Association of the saving which would accrue to the commerce of England from the general use of the new observations as they stood at that time—when, as the result of a careful calculation, it was stated that the annual gain to this country alone would be not less than two millions of pounds sterling.

The reader may imagine from what we have said that Captain Maury is intensely scientific—that he bristles with figures and frightful Algebraic formulae. Nothing of the sort. His book may be perused with pleasure as a relief from the last new novel by persons totally ignorant of science, so clear is its style, and so happy is the art with which it imparts the most recondite truths in homely and felicitous phrase.

* The Great Sahara. By H. B. Tristram, M.A., F.L.S., &c. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

† The Physical Geography of the Sea and its Meteorology. By M. F. Maury, LL.D., U.S.N., Superintendent to the National Observatory, Washington. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

THE TEMPLES OF JUPITER PANHELLENIUS AND APOLLO
EPICURIUS.*

MANY who have taken an interest in Mr. Layard's researches in Assyria, and in the discoveries of the late Sir Charles Fellows in Lycia, are old enough to recollect the emotion which Lord Byron's long residence in Greece created in the breasts of the generation that is fast passing away. Among Lord Byron's friends and companions at Athens, half-a-century ago, was Mr. Cockerell, and next spring it will be fifty years since Mr. Cockerell and a party of zealous architects and connoisseurs, both English and foreign, after supping with Lord Byron in Athens, set sail from the Piræus for the little island of Ægina, with the view of securing for some of the museums of Europe, the magnificent treasures of sculpture which it was fully expected lay buried several feet below the surface of the soil that covers the hill-top, which, in the days of classical Greece, was crowned by the Temple of Panhellenian Zeus. The prefatory chapter tells us how this was not only planned but executed, in the space of three short weeks, in May and June, 1811, in spite of a variety of difficulties, such as were likely to arise from dilatory departments of the Turkish Government, from greedy pashas, and the still more greedy small fry of hungry officials, to say nothing of fevers and malaria, and "perils of robbers." Of the companions who accompanied him in his expedition to Ægina, and took part in the excavations, Mr. Cockerell tells us that he is the last and only survivor; and, even while his work was passing through the press, it appears that two of the warmest of his supporters, Col. Leake and Mr. W. Hamilton, were carried off by the hand of death.

The magnificent work before us is a splendid folio volume; and folios, as we all know, are not produced every day now. It is embellished with seventeen exquisite architectural drawings, elevations, &c., relating to the Temple at Ægina, and sixteen more explanatory of that at Bassæ, besides numerous vignettes and portraits; and is printed in a style uniform with "Stuart's Athens," and the other publications of the Dilettanti Society.

There is much which is calculated to interest the English reader in the opening chapter, which Mr. Cockerell devotes to a brief survey of the history of Ægina. The smallness of that island, its maritime energy, its long and vigorous defiance of its splendid and powerful rival Athens, within sight of whose Acropolis it lay, forming, in the words of Pericles, "the eye-sore of the Piræus," its political independence, and the defiant attitude which "the tight little island" adopted towards the rest of the Hellenic race, its pre-eminence in art, its *thalassokratia*, anterior in time to that of Athens, its commercial activity and wealth;—these are, all of them, marked features of Ægina in the days when she could boast of a political existence; and they are such as are well calculated to gain the sympathy of islanders like ourselves, a nation of shopkeepers, whose life is commerce, and whose pastime is maritime enterprise.

But it is time that we accompanied Mr. Cockerell to his temple. He remarks that the very word "Temple," in its origin and derivation, implies a lofty site (*tuemplum*, from *tueor*), and relates that the high table-land on which the temple stands, corresponding to the Acropolis at Athens, still bears the name of "Oros," or "The Mount." There are two opinions respecting the date at which the temple was erected: the one, supported by Col. Leake, and preferred on architectural grounds by Mr. Cockerell, assigns it to about B.C. 600; the other ascribes its erection to a date immediately posterior to the Persian wars, when it may be supposed likely that the Æginetans, flushed with victory, would dedicate some worthy offering to their tutelary deities. But this inference in itself is no argument, and all its meaning is gone if it is established that long before the date of the Persian war this temple was already existing in all its glory; and this fact, in our opinion, Mr. Cockerell establishes by satisfactory evidence.

The third chapter, which treats of the details of the edifice, gives the unprofessional reader a vivid idea of what a Grecian temple must have been, both when empty of worshippers, and also when the work of prayer and sacrifice was going on; and his exemplification of the manner in which the huge idol enshrined within was adorned with eyes of ivory and of precious stones, whilst the beauty of the *adytum* or shrine was increased by the accession of the most splendid colouring, and artificial introduction and concentration of light upon the central figure, opens up quite a new vista of views, even to the classical scholar.

As every one who has visited the "Glyptothek" at Munich is aware, the sculptures exhumed at Ægina by Mr. Cockerell and his friends never found their way to this country. It was with great difficulty and expense that they were transported, first to Athens, and then to Zante, and thence to a place of security at Malta; and when, after all, they were offered for public sale, a blunder on the part of some stupid official sent the gentleman who was commissioned to represent the British Government to the wrong destination; and before he was able to detect his mistake, as Mr. Reuter and his network of telegraphic communication were then unheard of, he had the mortification of learning that they had been knocked down to the Austrian authorities.

In respect of the other set of sculptures subsequently brought to light at Phigaleia, Mr. Cockerell was more successful, if not in his additions to the knowledge of ancient art, at all events in his additions to our store of examples, inasmuch as he has the satisfaction of seeing them in a room assigned to them at the British Museum, where, no doubt, they are familiar to many of our readers. But we are anticipating.

The eastern and western pediments of the temple at Ægina were once adorned with a series of exquisite sculptures, not only wrought in high relief, but actually standing out from the wall as complete figures, and most carefully balanced upon the plinths, perfect in every part, even where not exposed to the eye of the spectator. The figures themselves, as given in Mr. Cockerell's plates, are unsupported by any adventitious aid, and are executed with the greatest boldness, exhibiting all those characteristics which are noticed by writers on early works of art, such as the bold and energetic attitude, the large head, the short neck, the long and square chin, the robust and muscular limb, the hollow cheek, the angular profile, and, last not least, the gallant smile to which Homer makes such frequent allusion in the "Iliad." Mr. Cockerell sees, and states, reasons for dissenting from the restoration of the statues at Munich, in which he thinks that some ignorance of the genuine principles of art is shown, and offers reasons for preferring his own plan of grouping the series—reasons which to us seem tolerably cogent, though of course we are not professional architects. The subjects of both groups are the legendary deeds of the Æacidae, the ancient deities of the Æginetans; the eastern pediment expressing one of the incidents in the early siege of Troy by Hercules, and the western the combat of Patroclus and Hector, as it is related in the "Iliad."

The Temple of Apollo in Arcadia is far less known, both to classical scholars and also to modern travellers, for the simple reason that it is situated among the fastnesses of Arcadia, among the Swiss peasantry (if we may use a bold figure of speech) of the ancient Peloponnesus, a country which reared a race of hardy

mountaineers, but was less than any other part of Greece the nurse of the arts and sciences. Added to this let us take into account the fact that the neighbourhood swarms with professional robbers, in the shape of lawless bandits, among whom human life is held as cheap as that of cattle, and we shall find no difficulty in accounting for the fact that, to most of us, Bassæ and Phigaleia are names hitherto unknown. The Temple of Apollo here was found by Mr. Cockerell much in the same state as that dedicated to his brother-god—we beg pardon, to his superior,—Panhellenian Zeus at Ægina; but the frieze running round the entire building was in a better state of repair, and Mr. Cockerell has been able to restore the entire series of figures most satisfactorily. They represent the Centauro-machia and the Amazono-machia.

The volume concludes with an elaborate "memoir" or "minute" on the systems of proportion employed in the two temples mentioned above, in the shape of a letter addressed to Mr. Cockerell by his friend Mr. W. W. Lloyd, an eminent amateur architect, and one of the most learned members of the Dilettanti Society.

TOURING IN SPAIN.*

WITHIN the last few years a few English travellers, following in the wake of our American brethren, have undertaken long vacation trips to Spain, and we see the result in a number of publications of various degrees of pretension, from the humble duodecimo to the handsome quarto, and of illustration equally varied, from the slight sketchy woodcut to the elaborate chromotint. In most cases the authors have seized upon Spain as a complete *terra incognita*, and have felt it incumbent on them to pour forth all their wonder and tediousness on the British public. In a book put forth last year by a young engineer, who only had time to "scamper," the prevailing tendencies of class were exemplified by an outpouring of slang, while the reverend gentleman who publishes the octavo now under consideration naturally and, as might be expected, deals in more serious description and less exciting topics.

In one respect, however, the book by Mr. Roberts wonderfully agrees with that by Mr. Andros. Each is confined to a bare outline of the personal experience of a person travelling through a country already pretty well known in its broad outlines, by elaborate and accurate description; each seems to have enjoyed almost entire ignorance of the language and peculiarities of the people, each saw only what was easily accessible, travelling along some of the exceedingly few, and therefore comparatively much travelled, main roads, and both, either unacquainted with the descriptions of those who are really familiar with the people and country, or knowing them only to borrow from them, have presumed on the still deeper ignorance of the unfortunate public, for whom their works are destined.

We are sorry to have to write in such terms of the work before us, but stern justice requires it. Of all countries in Europe, Spain is the one that will best repay careful travel, and that yields most of those real and racy novelties that the traveller desires and the reader enjoys. Our author, however, travelling in the suite of an Earl, first makes his way through France by that little known route which, passing by Tours and Bordeaux, at last reaches Bayonne.

Thence he proceeded by the road along which the mail daily passes, by way of Burgos, to Madrid, and after there seeing the Museum and a bull fight—two not very impossible sights in a visit to the capital of Spain—and fully describing their impressions upon his mind and memory, he made an excursion to the palace of the Escorial. After returning to Madrid, the author and his party set out on a riding tour, which conducted them along the great high road between Madrid and Lisbon, making a small divergence to visit the celebrated burying-place of Charles V. From Merida, a town on this high road, they branched off on another main road, and in due time reached Seville. From Seville they went to Granada, and so to Gibraltar, whence they returned home by that comfortable and not unknown conveyance, the India mail steamer, on its way from Alexandria to Southampton.

We venture to say that there really was no need that society and the publishers should have been burdened by a handsomely printed and illustrated octavo to record the events of this tour. There was no place visited that has not been far more completely, and we may say better, described in "Murray's Hand-Book," while Mr. Ford, to whom we are indebted for this latter work, has also given the results of his ripe experience concerning the methods and incidents of Spanish travel. Mr. Roberts's book is, in fact, one of a class which ought not to have been published, and soon will be forgotten. It is a book written without a point of novelty either in fact or opinion—the mere journal of a person to whom everything he sees abroad is new, and who thinks that because such matters are new to him they have never been described before, and must be as interesting in the description as they were in the reality.

Spain deserves a better traveller, and one who has both more time to devote to his subject (Mr. Roberts's tour extended over exactly three months, including the journeys out and home), and more previous knowledge of the country he is about to visit. The people of Spain are from their position extremely isolated, and even now, although the roads are improved and a railroad traverses part of the country, it is rare to meet with any of the lower classes except those whose affairs oblige them to move about (chiefly *contrabandistas* or smugglers) who have left their native villages. No country in Europe contains so large a proportion of its population distributed in groups, which never mix, and who regard each other as foreigners. *Spanishism*, to translate a Spanish word recently introduced, has hitherto made but little way, for the Andalusian cannot be induced to look upon even the Murcian, or Estremaduran, as a brother, much less to acknowledge mutual interests with the Castilian, the Catalanian, or the Galician. The recesses of the country can only be visited at much cost of time and fatigue, by riding on horseback over wild country, untracked by other road than a mule-path, or a dry river course, and so completely do these recesses form the country, that the half-dozen main roads which radiate from Madrid to the coast are almost invariably unconnected with each other by cross roads along their whole lengths, and serve merely to cut up the land into a number of districts, each of which is a country of itself. The towns on these main roads are not Spain, and give but little idea of what Spain really is; but even to see them the traveller should be to some extent prepared beforehand, and it is absolutely essential that he should know much more than a few isolated words of the language before he starts on his journey, or attempts to speak of the habits and customs of the people.

No country in Europe is more changed within the last quarter of a century than the Spanish part of the Iberian peninsula, and in none will the intelligent and instructed traveller find more to see or study, but in none will he meet with more to shock his prejudices and require that sort of toleration which few can attain without mixing largely with the world. Whether he penetrate the recesses of the Sierra Nevada—the grandest, in some respects, of the European mountain

* The Temples of Jupiter Panhellenius at Ægina, and of Apollo Epicurius at Bassæ, near Phigaleia, in Arcadia. By C. R. Cockerell, R.A., Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy, Honorary D.C.L. Oxford, &c. Weale, Holborn. 1859.

* An Autumn Tour in Spain in the Year 1859. By the Rev. Richard Roberts, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Milton Abbas, Dorset. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1860.

chains—or travel along the strip of sub-tropical land between Malaga and Carthage, where he will find, under a burning sun, the luxuriant vegetation of the West Indies, mixed strangely with the naked rock scenery of the African desert; or wander along the pleasant mountain slopes of Ronda, or be contented to fish in the mountain streams of Galicia, he will everywhere find abundant material for his pen or pencil. But he must be prepared to rough it; he must not be particular about food or lodging; he must give himself up to fleas and mosquitos as their lawful prey; and if he does not himself see to the victualling department, he may be thrown, at the end of the day, on the chances of a little salad floating on vinegar and water as the sole provision after twelve hours on horseback. Comforts must be entirely forgotten and lost sight of at the very commencement of a Spanish trip of the right kind; but if a young and active man is anxious to go out of the broad and beaten track of continental travel, he may be assured that Spain is the country in which he can most completely lose sight of civilization, and in which he can most readily and with greatest safety initiate himself into the mysteries of oriental and nomad life.

OYSTERS.*

If implicit credit is to be reposed in the author of this little book, the best of all oysters is "the native;" and in the oyster itself has, at last, been discovered a panacea for most of the ills that flesh is heir to. The oyster is, we are assured, good for the unborn child; it is good for the child when two years of age; it is good for adolescent youth; it is good for manhood in its maturity; and it is not only good, but a strengthener to old age in its inevitable decay! It is not merely useful, but it is also ornamental; for, as all the world knows, when the oyster in particular localities meets with an untimely accident, it pines itself into a pearl, and the result of its coming to grief may terminate in the production of a piece of jewellery, to excite the wonder, delight, envy, and admiration of an entire Queen's drawing-room! It can make the sick well, render the healthy stouter, prolong the shortening days of senility, and impart an additional charm to youth and beauty! Who then can wonder that a book should be devoted to no other purpose than to do full honour to the oyster? Or rather, who ought not to be surprised that philosophers have so long neglected descending upon its merits, and physicians failed in assigning to it the highest place in the "Materia Medica?"

Is there any one so justly deserving of the designation (until lately) given by the Chinese to the English nation—is there any one so completely and thoroughly "an Outside-Barbarian," as not to know what "an oyster" is—or, if asked to describe it, would he employ the words of the world-famed lexicographer—the man of long words, little taste, and great appetite—and say that the Oyster was nothing more than "a bivalve testaceous fish"? Not so our author, experienced in what he writes about, and backed up by a high authority. Here is his description of the oyster:—

"The oyster is a species of food combining the most precious alimentary qualities. Its meat is soft, firm, and delicate. It has sufficient flavour to please the taste, but not enough to excite to surfeit. Through a quality peculiar to itself, it favours the intestinal and gastric absorption, mixing easily with other food; and, assimilating with the juices of the stomach, it aids and favours the digestive functions. There is no other alimentary substance, not even excepting bread, which does not produce indigestion under certain given circumstances, but oysters never. This is a homage due to them. They may be eaten to-day, to-morrow, for ever, in profusion; indigestion is not to be feared, and we may be certain that no doctor was ever called in through their fault. Of course we except cooked oysters. Besides their valuable digestive qualities, oysters supply a recipe not to be despised in the liquor they contain. It is produced by the sea-water they have swallowed, but which, having been digested, has lost the peculiar bitterness of salt water. This oyster-water is limpid, and slightly saline in taste. Far from being purgative, like salt water, it promotes digestion. It keeps the oysters themselves fresh, prolongs their life for some time until it is destroyed in our stomachs, or until the oyster has been transformed into a portion of ourselves."

The world is thus apprised what is an oyster, and what are some of its peculiar merits. The author is then kind enough to give to his readers some practical information as to the proper mode of treating an oyster, and how it should be eaten. The first great lesson in life for every gentleman is, to open his own oyster. The Ancient Pistol said, "The world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open." Our author recommends to the oyster-lover to arm himself not with a sword, but an oyster-knife, and thick towel, and open his own oyster, and the moment it is opened transfer it from the shell to his own mouth, not swallowing it, as too many unhappily ignorant persons do, but deliberately masticating it, so as to exhaust all its sweet essence from the delicious morsel. The author, fearful that the good advice he gives may not be universally acted upon, in consequence of some supposing it to be either "low," "vulgar," "ungenteel," or "unfashionable" to open one's own oysters, cites the example of a noble lord with whom he was acquainted, and who took no pride in being "a duke in England," as well as a prince in a foreign land, but who did boast that there were two things he did better than any other living man, and these were—"opening oysters" and "polishing his own boots!"

When a Duke prides himself on opening oysters, men of inferior rank cannot conceive it beneath their personal dignity to imitate so high, exalted, and illustrious an example.

The author tells his readers not only that "the oyster should be eaten the moment it is opened, if eaten raw, with its own liquor in the under shell," but he also forewarns them as to what liquors may, and what ought not to be taken along with oysters. The author permits the use of bottled Bass, or Guinness, or any equally unsophisticated pale ale or porter; or, if these are not easily procurable, then he allows the use of such wines as Chablis, Sauterne, Mousseux, Marsault, or Medoc, still Champagne, Moselle, or any light Rhenish wine, and, failing any of these, Madeira or Sherry. He does not absolutely prohibit good English gin, genuine Scheidam, Irish or Scotch whisky, but he sets his face against and denounces in the strongest terms, rum, brandy, and liqueurs.

The author refers to "oyster suppers," and tolerates, on such occasions, dishes of fried, stewed, and scalloped oysters, to follow each in quick succession,—he is so indulgent as to permit even oyster patties (and gives recipes as to the best manner of cooking these varieties in the bill of fare), but beyond this he will not go, for he says:—

"I hold up both hands against an American innovation which is creeping in, and introducing crabs, and lobsters, and other foreigners into the *carte* on such an occasion."

The author has collected a great deal of information with respect to the oyster. He gives an account of the English oyster-beds, Jersey oyster-beds, French oyster-beds on the coast of Brittany; of the ancient oyster-beds at Baia, the Circæan, Lucrinian, and Rutupian (i.e. British) oyster-beds; of oysters in the Isle of Sheppey, Medway, Whitstable, Melton, Queenborough, Rochester, Faversham, Colchester, Essex, Edinburgh, Pandores, and Aberdours, Dublin Carlingford and Poldoedies; of British oysters in Ostend, which he lauds in terms of the highest admiration; of Holstein, Schleswig, Heligoland, Norwegian, American, French, and Dutch oysters. In this recapitulation of various kinds of oysters the author takes upon

himself to decide one of the many disputed questions between the English and Irish people,—namely, as to which produces the best description of oyster, the Irish always standing up for "the Carlingford" and "Red Bank," and our author, with the English, maintaining the supremacy of "the Native." There is no recognized authority to put an end to this long vexed question between the two nations,—between the "testaceous" Celt, and "the bivalve" Anglo-Saxon; but as an illustration of the attachment of the Dublin men to their beloved Carlingford, we may mention this anecdote.

There was, at the close of the war against Napoleon Bonaparte, several British regiments stationed in a large town in France. There were many Irish officers in these regiments, and one of them undertook, for a wager, with an Englishman, to discover in the course of three hours every man who had been born or had lived for any time in Dublin. The wager was accepted, and he who had made it proceeded in the dusk of the evening through the streets of the French town with a basket on his head, calling out, as loudly as he could bawl, "Carlingfords! Carlingfords! fresh from the beds—Carlingfords!" The moment this well-known and peculiarly intoned cry was heard, every house, room, or abiding-place of a Dublin man exhibited its occupant at door and window, and responding to the cry with the words—"Here! oysters! Carlingford oysters! come here this minute!" No Dublin man could resist the fascination of the well-remembered cry, and so—the wager was easily won.

The author has not only given the modern history of the oyster, but he has also looked to the ancient classical writers for information respecting his favourite dainty. He has not, however, told all that might be stated on the subject; and in the statements that he makes he has fallen into a few mistakes. He says, for instance, that "the Greeks have not said much in praise of oysters;" and he does not censure them for slighting oysters, because those found in the Mediterranean are, in his estimation, nothing better than "little dabs of watery pulps," in fact, "oysters but in name."

A few extracts from Athenæus will suffice to show our author that the value of the oyster was not unknown to the Greeks. In the thirtieth chapter of his third book, the Greek author says:—

"And after the viands which have been mentioned, there were then brought unto us, separately, some large dishes of oysters and other shell-fish, nearly all of which have been thought by Epicharmus worthy of being celebrated in his play of the Marriage of Hebe, in these words—

"Come, now, bring all kinds of shell-fish;
Lepades, aspidi, crabbyzi, strabali, cecibali,
Tethunachia, balani, porphyre, and oysters with closed shells,
Which are very difficult to open, but very easy to eat."

In the thirty-eighth chapter of the same book, Athenæus quotes the opinion of Aristotle as to the manner in which oysters are generated. In the next chapter he quotes the saying of one of the characters in a play—

"He put before me oysters, and sea-nettles, and limpets;"
as well as these lines from the Lysistrata of Aristophanes—

"But you most valiant of the oyster race,
Offspring of that rough dam, the sea-nettle."

In the fortieth chapter of the same book we have the following remarks:—

"Of the thick chemæ, those of smaller size, which have tender flesh, are called oysters, and they are good for the stomach and easily digested."

In the forty-fourth chapter of the same book we are told of

"All the oysters which the foaming brine
Beneath its vasty bosom cherishes."

We are also referred to the poem of Ancestratus on Gastronomy, from which these lines are quoted—

"Ænus has mussels fine, Abydus, too,
Is famous for its oysters."

We pass by the remarks of Athenæus upon the word "Ostreion" (the primitive and nominative to the veritable and plural "Ostreia") being applied to various kinds of shell-fish, and his account of the pearl-oysters, and the ancient mode of fishing for pearls in "the Persian sea." We have stated sufficient to show that the Greek epicures were by no means indifferent to the peculiar virtues and attractions of the oyster.

The author has, we conceive, fallen into a mistake when he asserts that at Rome "preference was given" to the British oysters. Two passages in Juvenal are in contradiction to such an assertion. In the fourth satire, some surprise is exhibited by the author at the gustatory acumen of the fat-paunched Montanus, because he could, at the first bite, tell from what coast an oyster had been taken—at Circe, in the Lucrine Sea, or at Whitstable, in the mouth of the Thames:—

"Circeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu."

If the Whitstable oyster had been considered so superior in flavour, there would be little to wonder at it, in its locality being determined by tasting it.

But, in another passage, Juvenal distinctly mentions the oyster that was considered by the Romans, in his time, to be the best. "The vicious man," observes the honest satirist, "is worthy alone of death, even though he makes his supper on a hundred of Gaurane oysters."

"Dignus morte perit, cœnet licet ostrea centum
Gaurana."

"That is," observes the erudite Ludovicus Præteus, "upon the very best oysters, which were taken at Baia and the Lucrine lake, near to Gaurus, a mountain in Campania." Strabo, Book v., and Pliny, Book iii., chap. 13, say, "These shores beyond all others in the entire sea are enriched with shell-fish and fishes: *conchylio et pisce nobilitantur.*"

The author, in one passage, refers to Macrobius; but has failed in finding out the passage which shows that the Romans eat their oysters not only raw, but used them as a sauce with fowl. In describing the luxurious pontifical supper of Lentulus, Macrobius mentions first raw oysters, "*ostreas crudas,*" and then refers to a dish which he thus describes, "*subtus gallinam altitem patinam ostrearum;*" which may be interpreted "a crammed fowl stewed in oysters." He also omits to mention that the illustrious individual, Sergius Orata, who first placed an oyster-bed in Baia, decided ("*adjudicavit*" is the word used by Macrobius) that the Lucrine were the finest flavoured of all oysters.

But here we must pause. We must leave unnoticed the ancient superstition with respect to oysters, as to their being in one particular similar to mushrooms and other fungi, and their increase or diminution dependent upon the changes of the moon. We must also pass without the smallest reference all the ancient authorities on this theme that have been collected by the learned author of the "Piazza Universale."

We agree with our author in thinking the oyster is a most delicious morsel. It is a nice little fish with a moral attached to it, and that moral has not escaped the observation of the greatest poet that ever lived. Shakspeare, in his day, eat oysters, and we conclude this article with his words:—

"Rich honesty dwells, like your miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster."

* The Oyster: Where, how, and when to find, breed, cook, and eat it. London: Trübner & Co., 69, Paternoster-row. 1861.

EFFIE VERNON.*

THIS is a very interesting, well-written "tale," or perhaps its more appropriate name should be a "novel of fashionable life," written by a lady, in which the principal characters portrayed are ladies. "Effie Vernon" is described as almost perfect—as one whose great aim in life is to make herself loved by poor and rich, and whose only defect is that she is secretly in love with a very worthless and contemptible fellow, who admires, but will not marry her because she has not a fortune; but on whom she subsequently bestows her hand, when he is a widower, the father of two children, and enriched by the possession of his first wife's wealth. "Effie Vernon," who gives her name to the tale, is not, however, the real heroine.

The author had probably intended, in the first construction of the plot, to have made "Effie" the heroine; but changed her purpose afterwards as the character of another—Gertrude—developed itself in the progress of composition. Gertrude is a fashionable young lady—according to her own account of herself—devoted to the world, ambitious to hold a high place in society, quite ready and willing to sacrifice herself so that she may obtain a husband of high rank and large fortune; and, having this object in view, careless as to who she may flirt with, and indifferent to the feelings of those that her lightness and frivolity, combined with her great personal beauty, may have deluded into the notion their attentions have awakened her affections. In pursuance of her plan of life, Gertrude is described as having induced a young and not very brilliant nobleman to propose for her; and, when she has so far succeeded, she then to her dismay discovers that a certain Doctor Moore, a man of humble rank in life, as compared to her own, but who is described as one highly endowed with talents, knowledge, and accomplishments, has not only fallen desperately in love with her, but that she—unconsciously and almost imperceptibly to herself—has become deeply and irretrievably attached to him.

The author endeavours to interest the reader in the character of Gertrude, and yet does not shrink from describing the course which the young lady, upon making this discovery, is resolved upon pursuing. To persons of ordinary minds it will appear to be utterly base and scandalous. Gertrude, feeling that her heart is possessed by Moore, knowing that he is dying from love of her, determines to retain her love for Moore, and yet to fulfil her engagement with the young nobleman and to become his wife! Nay more, she has the cruelty to ask of Moore to remain by her side, and to help her to bear the misery which she is wilfully preparing for herself in becoming the wife of another, for whom she has no love and but little respect.

Thus far we think it right to disclose the author's plot; but we must refer the reader to the book itself to see how the story is developed, and with what skill its incidents are unfolded so as to make one take an interest in its progress, and, at last, to sympathise with and feel compassion for the sufferings and struggles of Gertrude.

The author has succeeded in writing a novel which well repays perusal from the first page to the last. A great knowledge of life, as it actually is carried on in the districts of Belgravia and Tyburnia, is exhibited; but the writer is not so happy when she descends from these heights, and introduces the reader to personages in the middle classes of society. The "city people" and their "millionaires" are not, she may rest assured, either so vulgar, obtuse, or vicious, as she fancies. Her fault is that of the authoress of "Evelina," if we recollect aright, that old and once popular novel; the grand are described as good, and their inferiors in position as low-minded, mean, and envious. Such ideas are totally erroneous. The great mass of the middle classes are sound at heart. They know their own position, and do not pretend to be what they are not. Virtue, high honour, and the thorough spirit of a true English gentleman are to be found in Russell, Bloomsbury, and Fitzroy Squares, as well as in Grosvenor-square and Park-lane. It is to sin not only against good taste, but well-known truth, to write a book for the purpose of producing a contrary impression.

The disparagement of the middle classes is the grave fault with which "Effie Vernon" is chargeable. Its merits are that various characters are described with great vigour, that they are well contrasted with each other, and are combined together in a plot so well constructed, as to make the book be read with unflagging interest. The following extract is given as a specimen of the liveliness of the author's style:—

"Most families have a *bête noire*, in the shape, usually, of a near relative, who, from his or her intimate knowledge of family affairs, and peculiarities of individual temper and habit, has a fearful power of striking home the shaft of petty annoyance or graver mischief. The *bête* is more often of the feminine gender, and has commonly a strong *penchant* for interference in the affairs of others, particularly the juniors of the family, whose errors and follies are her especial province. The *bête's* element is finding fault, and its supreme delight contradiction, yet it has often such a perverse blending of good qualities, or perhaps of usefulness, as to make the combat doubly unequal; the opposing side having perhaps only truth, generous simplicity, and an impetuous temper to bring into the field against the older and practised tacticians, and your *bêtes* are always tacticians."

We can recommend "Effie Vernon" as an interesting work of its kind; and our belief is that it will be urgently sought after in circulating libraries. Saying so much for it, we feel bound also to add, that some sentiments are attributed to the author's favourite character, Doctor Moore, that are not in accordance with sound doctrine. Some of Doctor Moore's notions are such as might be expected from one whose Bible was "The Vestiges of Creation," and his Prayer-book an odd number of "The Spiritualist Magazine."

AN EDINBURGH PROFESSOR.†

DR. GEORGE WILSON, of Edinburgh, acquired a very considerable local reputation as an accomplished lecturer on science. He was also an experimental chemist, and a voluminous writer on scientific subjects. His separate works, as carefully enumerated in the book before us, were "Chemistry, an Elementary Text-book;" "The Life and Works of the Hon. Henry Cavendish;" "The Life of Dr. John Reid;" "Electricity and the Electric Telegraph," reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*; "The Chemistry of the Stars," reprinted from the *British Quarterly Review*, and both published in the Travellers' Library; "Researches on Colour Blindness;" and "The Five Gateways of Knowledge." Besides these, he wrote a great number of papers on scientific subjects for different societies and various journals, and published many lectures. He was also a poet, and his occasional poetry is much above par. His contemporaries and associates spoke and wrote of him with affection, respect, and admiration. Thus Lord Jeffrey, whose praise was not easily extorted, and never lavishly bestowed, said of him, in a letter to a friend, "His severer style is admirable, and nothing can be better than the lucid and energetic brevity with which he abstracts facts and condenses

arguments." To Dr. Wilson himself Lord Jeffrey wrote—"I do not go entirely with you in some of your conclusions, but I never read anything you write, without feeling myself the better for it." "I have a very sincere admiration for your gifts and attainments, and if you will allow me to say it, a very true affection for the lovable traits I have discovered in your nature." "I shall be proud to learn that you think the offer of my friendship worthy of your acceptance." Dr. Cairns, who had known him all his active life, said, "His gifts of exposition and illustration were perfectly wonderful. A scientific clearness of conception and expression hardly to be surpassed, with fulness of knowledge ranging over a vast variety of inquiry, were in him combined with a freshness of fancy that seized on the most unexpected analogies and contrasts, an exuberant humour, that gave zest and relief to the hardest and gravest subjects, and a high strain of moral eloquence, that tinted every topic with man's joys and sorrows, and deep and enduring interest." "His elegant and graceful mind," said Professor Playfair, "his genial and happy spirit, made him many friends, but never a single enemy." The book contains many similar, and some of them affecting proofs of the regard of his pupils, associates, and friends; and though we may doubt the assertion, that on his death "for two days a gloom settled on the city, affecting rich and poor, learned and unlearned alike," we cannot fail to recognize in him a man of great local distinction, beloved, respected, and admired, where he lived and laboured.

He died in 1859 at the age of 41. He was born in an unhealthy family. The "shadow of the grave," as he said, was always over his father's house; and though he was an extremely lively child, he was, through his whole short existence, a prey to disease and suffering—even to having a diseased foot amputated to save his life. His body was essentially rickety, but his mind was active and his exertions great. His popularity as a private lecturer induced the Government, when it established a chair of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, to nominate him the first Regius Professor; and he had attained much renown, and was full of hopes that he might achieve a great success, when his worn-out body became the prey of death, and deprived Edinburgh of one of its most distinguished men. "While many of Dr. Wilson's contemporaries," says Dr. Gladstone, "could pursue a train of research with greater ability, none could perhaps render the new truth so attractive by copious imagery and varied illustration." If not a profound philosopher, he was unsurpassed for the felicity with which he explained the most abstruse and most familiar facts of established science. His style was at once smart and forcible, epigrammatic and weighty, totally different from "the wretched style of Alison, alternating between the flattest monotony and most outrageous bombast," which "excited his unbounded contempt." We have read many of his essays with great pleasure and still greater instruction; but we have none of them at hand, and the present work gives us very few specimens of the racy and striking manner in which he interested the reader on abstruse subjects. The book is indeed defective from not giving a few more specimens of his peculiar style, and his sister would have done him a greater service in the eyes of the world had she, or some competent person, preserved more of the writer and less of the religious professor. Dr. Gladstone says of his life of Cavendish:—

"His description of the man isolated from his fellows is quite photographic, and after once reading it, we have always a mental portrait of him wandering about the house at Clapham, inspecting his thermometers and rain gauges, dining his few friends off the invariable leg of mutton, and indifferent to objects that excite or gratify the imaginations, emotions, or higher affections. 'His theory of the universe,' Wilson said, 'seems to have been that it consisted solely of a multitude of objects which should be weighed, numbered, and measured; and the vocation to which he considered himself called, was to weigh, number, and measure as many of those objects as his allotted threescore years and ten would permit.'"

The two following brief extracts are the most characteristic of the peculiarities of his style contained in the book:—

"Picture to yourself the contrast between a great orchestra containing some hundred performers and instruments and that small music room built of ivory, no bigger than a cherry-stone, which we call an ear, where there is ample accommodation for them all to play together,—the players, indeed, and their instruments are each admitted. The true performance is within the ear's music-room, and each one of us has the whole orchestra to himself. When we thus realise the wondrous capacity of the organ of hearing, I think we shall not fail to find an intellectual and æsthetic as well as a great moral admonition,—the Divine words—'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'"

"What an instrument for good is the hand, what an instrument for evil,—and all the day long it never is idle. There is no implement which it cannot wield, and it should never, in working hours, be without one. We unwisely restrict the term handicraftsman or worker to the more laborious callings, but it belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and it is a title which each should covet. For the Queen's hand is the sceptre, and for the soldier's hand the sword, for the carpenter's hand the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer, for the farmer's hand the plough, for the woman's hand the needle, &c. If none of these, or the like, will fit us, the felon's chain should be round our wrist, and our hand on the prisoner's crank. But for each willing man and woman there is a tool they may learn to handle, and for all there is the command—whatsoever thou findest to do, do it with all thy might."

The peculiarities of his style are better illustrated by such brief extracts from his letters as the following, than by any other parts of the book:—

"I must make fresh claims on your sympathy with me as one involved in the miseries of flitting. Every day reveals some new and more horrible phasis of the detestable crisis we are in. Blankets, table-covers, even carpets, are taking wings to themselves, and fleeing away, and I have to keep watchful eyes on my crutches, lest they should abscond in company with some migratory grate. With what a deep sympathy I read the answer of the colliers to the question, 'Why their houses were so empty of useful household articles?'—'That furniture was an unco fash at a flitting.' "I have got Jamaica soils to analyse, and I am seeking for pounded missionaries and crystallized tears of emancipation-seeking negroes." "For all this whirling and night-travelling I was to pay—the sleeping volcano in my lungs was roused from its slumbers." "I have been running a race with death since I reached my majority." "Had her Majesty consulted my doctors she would have given me a sofa rather than a chair."

There is throughout his writings a minute and graphic description which reminds one of Dickens, and of odd illustrations which resemble the writings of Hood. He is to science what they were to literature, and while he resembled the latter in the racy quaintness of his wit he surpassed him in the extreme suffering under which he was always merry, "brimful of humour." In spite of great bodily disadvantages, he was one of the first writers and most admired lecturers of the day. But it is remarkable, and the fact must be noticed, as showing the superior advantages of literature to science as a pursuit, that while the works of Dickens and Hood have been sold by hundreds of thousands, and passages quoted from them are in every one's mouth, Dr. Wilson's friends can only boast that his beautiful and elaborate work, the "Five Gateways of Knowledge," has sold to the extent of 8,000; and the sale of the "First Text-book of Chemistry," a volume of "Chambers' Educational Course," a remarkably clear exposition of the science, has extended, in nine years, no further than 24,000 copies.

Dr. Wilson was impressed with the disadvantages of scientific writers as compared to writers of fiction, and in one of his letters says:—"The scientific are very indignant at the recent knighting of three painters and a musician, while not one of us has partaken of any of the smiles of royal favour. Half Europe never heard of Bishop the musician. And who is Hayter, that he should carry off the honour before men admired in Europe and America?" He expresses a wish for some of the Queen's cash, and says, "There is a petty German duke enabling Liebig to beat all the English chemists hollow." "Our professors can scarcely keep life in them." The cause of this comparative indifference in the public to the pursuits and

* Effie Vernon; or, Life and its Lessons. By Julia Addison, author of "Evelyn Lascelles," "Sister Kate," &c. London: E. Marlborough & Co., Ave Maria-lane. 1861.

† Memoir of George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E., Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, &c. By his sister, Jessie Aitken Wilson. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

writings of scientific men which influences the conduct of men of talent lies in the general ignorance of scientific subjects, not in the patronage bestowed or withheld by German dukes and royal queens. Liebig may have been enriched by the duke's bounty, and may have been enabled to make discoveries; but we will match all that he has ever done by the deeds of scores of unpensioned scientific men in England. At the same time we will boldly say that knowledge and respect for scientific writers, and the sale of scientific works calculated to interest the public, is far greater in England than in Germany. The evil of indifference to scientific truth is disappearing much more rapidly by the progress of the multitude in knowledge here than in any part of the Continent. It may be regretted that the very best kind of knowledge is not prized equally to mere amusement, which makes literature as a paying pursuit superior to science; but the evil will not be remedied: it will perhaps add indignation to indifference should scientific men, whose sentiments Dr. Wilson shared, succeed in their rather unseemly scramble to get hold of the Queen's cash.

Dr. Wilson and his compeers, when they ask, Whoever heard of Bishop? should be reminded that he and they are very little known beyond their own cliques and circles. Herding together they foster in each other an exaggerated notion of themselves, which their success in society does not confirm. Ignorant of, or ignoring the fact that the world does not pursue objects on account of their intrinsic or abstract value, but on account of the pleasure derived, or expected to be derived, from the pursuit, they claim a homage which the world does not and will not accord them. It refuses to reward their labours as it rewards the labours of a Thackeray, a Spurgeon, or a Madame Novello. Their estimate of their utility and importance does not agree with that of the world; and whatever may be its veneration for departed greatness it has little for scientific men now alive. In this part of the island, by many well-informed persons, Dr. Wilson, over whom all Edinburgh wept, has never been heard of.

The book which will make him better known would have been much more successful had the first half of the 529 pages been compressed into sixty. A sister's love has preserved an immense number of details and published a great many uninteresting letters that might possibly have been acceptable had Dr. Wilson been a Wellington or a Bonaparte. Some of these details may not be unacceptable to a few tender-hearted mothers and sisters; but they should be spared from the life of a scientific man, in whom France, America, and perhaps all Europe are said to be interested.

More style and great power of exposition, we must add, do not make a great philosopher. We have had occasion to know that Dr. Wilson took up views hastily and clung to prejudices that deeper thinkers discarded. His most original work, and that on which his reputation as an investigator will chiefly rest,—"The Colour Blindness of some Individuals," relates to a far less extraordinary phenomenon than he makes it. In substance colour blindness is closely akin to the fact that every ear does not perceive sounds with equal accuracy, and that a good musical ear is more strange than a clearly discriminating eye. Both, too, are only examples of the general fact, that the sensations excited by the outward world differ as the recipients differ. If we all saw, heard, and felt all things exactly alike, there could be no differences nor disputes. We are all partially blind, partially deaf, partially insensible; and each is partially so according to his individual nature. Of this general dispensation "colour blindness," or the insensibility of some to colours perceived by others, is only a portion, and though Dr. Wilson put his observations to a practical use, such as in common life is continually made by individuals following pursuits for which, from their peculiar faculties they are adapted, he failed to draw from his observations the general deduction—the basis of all toleration—that individuals have different sensations of sight, hearing, and feeling from the same apparent outward sources. Honoured, admired, and applauded in Edinburgh,—worthy, indeed, of all honour for the services he performed with a most inefficient instrument, his feeble and broken body,—Dr. Wilson was not a profound thinker, and will, probably, be neither so widely known nor so long remembered as "Bishop the musician." The book is the homage of a sister's love; had it been written by an impartial man it would have been kept within much smaller dimensions.

THE ROMANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

UNDER this somewhat exciting title Mr. Gosse, a frequent and popular writer on various natural history subjects, has lately put forth a volume in the most approved *staccato* style of literature. Chapters having for their headings single words of portentous meaning are well enough adapted to attract and startle the public, and induce the jaded reader to believe that he has fallen on some fresh excitement. Thus, "The Vast," "The Minute," "The Memorable," "The Wild," and "The Terrible," lead us up a terrific ascent to "The Unknown," and then comes the closing scene of all—"The Great Unknown."

Not without ingenuity has the author tortured his imagination and memory by walking them upon these lofty stilts throughout a whole volume. As in Humboldt's "Ansichten der Natur," and Schleiden's "Plant"—two genuine works of imagination based on natural history and physical geography, both of which have been introduced to the English reader under peculiarly favourable circumstances—we find in Mr. Gosse's book an attempt, by a series of vivid and highly-coloured pictures, to present accurate science clothed with the charms of a novel or a poem; but the effort is here everywhere manifest, and the description, carried on for a time at a high level, often suddenly sinks, and becomes familiar, if not vulgar. The sketches of travellers are borrowed with great freedom, and strung together without much art; and it unfortunately happens that the accounts of some who are comparatively incompetent to observe are treated with the same respect, if they suit the occasion, as the more valuable and trustworthy statements of cultivated and educated naturalists.

If we forget the headings of the chapters and look over the pages of Mr. Gosse's book for information and amusement, we shall find it to be another collection of the "Curiosities of Natural History," as little connected together and as completely objectless as the works recently published by Mr. F. Buckland under that title, and containing far less of original and personal observation. We feel bound to make these remarks, not so much because there is harm or mischief in these collections, which may be in themselves admirable, but because we object on principle to the practice of putting forth a mere compilation as an original work. Mr. Gosse tells us that he has "sought to paint a series of pictures, the reflections of scenes and aspects in nature," whereas he has merely cut out from a number of odd volumes and newspapers a multitude of coloured prints, good and bad, and then, having also picked up a few second-hand pictures, he has arranged the whole in a dozen gorgeous frames, each frame containing a group of prints and pictures, pasted in without much regard to order and with but little taste. The twelve groups thus formed are marked with the titles already referred to, and in this state are put forth to the public for exhibition.

The three last and most exciting of the titles in the work before us are respectively "The Terrible," "The Unknown," and "The Great Unknown;" the two latter being intended to include various animals and plants of which obscure accounts have been given, of objects doubtfully seen at the bottom of water, or doubtfully recorded by inefficient observers. Among these are the unicorn of heraldry, the half-negro, half-baboon of Central America, and lastly, the great unknown, the fondest offspring of Mr. Gosse's romantic brain—the supposed sea-serpent—so often described but so seldom seen, and which hitherto no one has succeeded in bringing to bay and depositing in some vast marine aquarium or museum of zoological curiosities.

The existence of a hairy man of the woods—a "great devil" of the Indians of the Orinoco—seems to some extent countenanced by the discovery recently made of the "gorilla" of tropical Africa, whose skull at any rate is sometimes larger than that of a man, whose strength is enormous, and whose proportions, though those of a large ape rather than a human being, are yet a great deal too near our own to be pleasant. The following extract will give a favourable impression of some of our author's more interesting statements. It is from the chapter of "the Terrible":—

"This great ape makes the nearest approach of any brute animal to the human form. It is fully equal to man in stature but immensely more broad and muscular, while its strength is colossal. He is said to be more than a match for the lion."

"The rivalry between the mighty ape and the elephant is curious, and leads to somewhat comic results. The old male is always armed with a stout stick when on the scout, and knows how to use it. The elephant has no intentional evil thoughts towards the gorilla, but, unfortunately, they love the same sorts of fruit. When the ape sees the elephant busy with his trunk among the twigs he instantly regards it as an infraction of the laws of property, and dropping quietly down to the bough, he suddenly brings his club smartly down on the sensitive finger of the elephant's proboscis, and drives off the alarmed animal trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain."

"The young athletic negroes in their ivory hunts well know the prowess of the gorilla. He does not, like the lion, suddenly retreat on seeing them, but swings himself rapidly down to the lower branches, courting the conflict, and clutches at the foremost of his enemies. The hideous aspect of his visage, his green eyes flashing with rage, is heightened by the thick prominent brows being drawn spasmodically up and down, causing a horrible and fiendish scowl. Weapons are torn from their possessor's grasp, gun-barrels bent and crushed in by the powerful hands and vice-like teeth of the enraged brute. More horrid still, however, is the sudden and unexpected fate which is often inflicted by him. Two negroes will be walking through one of the woodland paths, unsuspecting of evil, when, in an instant, one misses his companion, or turns to see him drawn up in the air with a convulsed choking cry, and in a few minutes dropped to the ground a strangled corpse. The terrified survivor gazes up and meets the grin and glare of the fiendish giant, who, watching his opportunity, had suddenly put down his immense hand, caught the wretch by the neck with resistless power, and dropped him only when he ceased to struggle."

—Pp. 257-259.

In reference to the unicorn, our author, in his poetic capacity, is bound to recognize the probability of its existence, but offers nothing very new in support of his opinion, which is based rather on the sketches and descriptions of African natives, whether Caffres, negroes, or Arabs, than on any natural history evidence. With regard to the great sea serpent he is more at home, and, as he states in the preface that this, the "one subject on which I have bestowed more than usual pains, and which I myself regard with more than common interest," we expect to find it worked up with corresponding fervour and intensity; but whether from exhaustion, owing to long effort, or from some other cause, this chapter is especially bald and tame, and affords a marvellous instance of bathos and anti-climax.

The existence of the sea-serpent is fully believed in by most Norwegians, by sailors generally, and by American skippers almost to a man. Some of these believe they have seen it, some are even quite sure they have seen it, and all without exception know somebody who has seen it, and the accounts are found to agree marvellously together—the pictures painted of it being, to use a nautical expression, "all tarred with the same brush." But somehow or other, the naturalists, who only doubt until they are convinced, and would only be too happy to add a new animal of this remarkable character to the list of those already properly described, have never yet succeeded in obtaining such evidence as is satisfactory to them: first, as to the serpent character of the animal supposed to have been seen; next, as to its real dimensions and proportions. That some large animals, unknown to the observer, have been seen from time to time in open sea, and more frequently in the Norwegian fjords, there seems no doubt. That such animals have swam with head and neck out of the water, and have left a large wake as if belonging to a long body, is probably equally true; but beyond this, there is no evidence of the slightest value. No dead animal of the kind supposed has been seen by witnesses whose evidence can be quoted; no bone or fragment has been brought forward for examination, and no careful sketch has been made at the time and on the spot of any one observation, nor has any observation been recorded which was made by a person in the habit of describing animals, and capable of drawing correctly.

In the absence of evidence, Mr. Gosse does not, indeed, suggest any definite evidence of his own, but prefers to take up the opinion of Mr. E. Newman, Mr. Morris Stirling, and an anonymous F. G. S., rather than agree with Professor Owen in the explanation of the best authenticated case that has been quoted of late years. He is quite satisfied to express his "own confident persuasion that there exists some oceanic animal of immense proportions (the Great Unknown) which has not yet been received into the category of scientific zoology," and his "strong opinion that it possesses close affinities with the fossil *Enaliosaurians* of the lias." Considering the total absence of any direct natural history evidence whatever on the subject, we leave our author in the happy possession of this certainty, hoping that in other matters in which he has confidence, there may be somewhat more and better groundwork for his faith.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.*

THE fall of the Western Empire had for immediate result the establishment of the modern nations of Europe. We ought eagerly to welcome every information afforded us on so important a crisis in history, and one in which we possess actually so great an interest; but the notions existing in general of this epoch are very vague and incomplete, for however admirable may be the work of Gibbon, the scope of it is too vast, and its tone too philosophical, to admit of those details of manners and customs without which history loses half its attractions.

Tempted by the multiplicity of incidents scarcely known hitherto, M. Amédée Thierry has written, in his usual clear and picturesque style, a volume embracing only a short period as to time (from 467 to 493), but so full of stirring and grave events, that one cannot help regretting, on reaching the end of it, that more should not have been said on the first Italian kingdom, founded by Theodoric, King of the Goths, after the murder of his rival Odoacer by his own hand during a banquet.

The barbarians had at this period so completely done away with all the manners and customs of the Western Roman empire, that the Emperor Theodosius enacted a law prohibiting the citizens of Rome, under the penalty of exile, to wear the costume of the Goths. *Aetius*, one of the most powerful Roman generals, married

* The Romance of Natural History. By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. London: Nisbet, 1860.

* Récits de l'Histoire Romaine au Vme. Siècle. Par Amédée Thierry. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris: Didier. London: D. Nutt.

a woman of the Visigoths, an alliance unheard of until then; and Sidonius Apollinaris represents her in his descriptive poetry as fierce as the German prophetess Vélada, as cruel as Agrippina, and as proud as the noblest Roman matron.

It is to this same poet Sidonius that we owe almost all the details of the last struggle of Rome against the barbarian chiefs. Himself Prefect of Rome, and a prolific writer, no man could be better fitted to give us a picture of the times.

In a work which does not profess to be a history, but only sketches of principal events, we believe that M. Amédée Thierry might have made a greater use of the above-named author, who, in his numerous epistles and in his panegyrics, has described the invaders under their several aspects, each race being characterized separately, and the semi-barbarian courts of the Sicambri, the Heruli, or the Burgund kings or chiefs, are painted in vivid colours.

In one of the most remarkable chapters of this book, a picture is given of the Vandal king, Genseric, and of his restoration of the ancient power of Carthage, animated with all the hatred which had formerly instigated Hannibal to the destruction of Rome. But this time the conqueror was the son of a barbarian slave, he was ugly, small in stature, lame, and cruel. In order to crush all competition in his family for supremacy over the Vandals, he caused his sister-in-law and his nephews to be thrown in a river with stones round their necks. Under his rule Carthage existed anew, and her fleet was all-powerful in the Mediterranean. This is the man whose army was encamped in the Forum, and who made himself master of Rome, which he pillaged for fourteen days.

How he was admitted within the walls by Eudoxia, widow of Valentinian III., how he took her and her two daughters, and brought them to Carthage as slaves, how he married the eldest to his son Huneric, who was to be his successor in power, and how again, after seven years of captivity, Eudoxia was sent to Constantinople, is a tale worthy of being wrought into a romance.

Another striking incident in the work of M. Thierry is the extraordinary proclamation of Romulus Augustulus, the last Roman Emperor of the Western Empire. The son of Orestes, one of the secretaries of Attila, who was now at the head of the Roman army, Romulus, was only fourteen years old when his father deposed the Emperor Nepos, and like many barbarian chiefs before and after him, he refused to accept the imperial purple in his stead. The interregnum had lasted two months to the great dissatisfaction of the army, when one morning a troop of soldiers, sent by some unknown authority, invaded the house of Orestes, carried away his son, placed him on a shield, and robing him in the mantle of the Cæsars, which trailed over the ground, they paraded him in this fashion through the streets of Ravenna, and proclaimed Romulus Augustulus Emperor of the Western Empire amid the thundering plaudits of the populace and the army. The father notified this act to the Emperor of Constantinople, and of course took the reins of government in his hands until his son should be of age.

But he enjoyed his triumph a very short time. Less than a year afterwards, Orestes was murdered by Odoacer, and the young emperor was seized by a few soldiers on the spot, where he had endeavoured to hide himself, after throwing aside his imperial mantle. He was brought trembling and weeping bitterly before the victorious barbarian chief, who, pitying his youth and beauty, sent him to Lucullanum, a lovely country seat in Campania, where he died in obscurity. Odoacer was proclaimed, not Emperor, but King of Italy, and so ended for ever the far-famed Roman empire, founded by the chief of a horde of brigands, Romulus, and destroyed by a barbarian chief.

The word history is often probably connected with the idea of dulness, for in many narratives there is a constant heaping-up of facts, a hasty delineation of character, and the incidents are all more or less confused. It is not so, however, with the work before us. M. Amédée Thierry has, it is true, only presented us with a limited portion of history, but of great interest, and thoroughly examined. His facts are grouped with much descriptive talent, patience, and accuracy, and his work is the more acceptable as the subject has hitherto been very cursorily treated, even by the best historians, and but little inquired into by the greatest scholars.

We recommend with confidence this attractive picture of the fifth century.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

There are eight articles in the *Quarterly* for January. The first, *à propos* of the Prince of Wales's visit, directs attention to Canada as "one of the finest fields for colonization in the British dominions," and points out one of the consequences arising from ignorance as to its capabilities and advantages, the remarkable fact that, during the season of 1859, there arrived in Canada as settlers not more than 6,000 persons speaking the English language, while in the same season the United States received more than 45,000 natives of the United Kingdom, as an increase to their industrial population. A clear, but distinct history of "Welsh Literature," from the earliest times, is given in the second article, which concludes with an analysis of a work written about 150 years ago, in Welsh, by a person named Elis Wyn, and appears to have been based upon the writings of Milton, John Bunyan, and Quevedo. This strange composition is entitled "The Sleeping Bard; or, Visions of the World, Death, and Hell." Mr. Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic," an account of "The Iron Manufacture," and the recent proceedings in Italy, constitute the substance of the third, fourth, and fifth articles. The sixth is one of those pleasant, gossiping, antiquarian papers, for which the *Quarterly* has long been celebrated. It is entitled "The Dogs of History and Romance;" and we are glad to perceive due credit given for some of its statements to that most useful and interesting periodical, *Notes and Queries*, that small weekly assistant of students, the indispensable hand-book of every one who is engaged in literary pursuits, or who devotes a portion of his time to researches in the documents, customs, and manners of by-gone ages. "The Income Tax and its Rivals" is a puzzler for political economists; and under the title of "Essays and Reviews," the recent publication of "the Oxford divines" is treated at considerable length.—In the *Edinburgh* there are ten articles:—1. "Church Endowment and Liturgical Revision." 2. "Japan and the Japanese." 3. "The Victoria Bridge." 4. "Political Ballads of England and Scotland." 5. "Ocean Telegraphy." 6. "Autobiography of Dr. A. Carlyle." 7. "Motley's History of the United Netherlands." 8. Forbes and Tyndall on the Alps and their Glaciers." 9. "The Kingdom of Italy." 10. "Naval Organization." Of these, the two most remarkable articles are the second and the ninth. A careful *resumé* is presented of all the information contained in the Parliamentary papers upon "Japan and the Japanese." It gives to the public all the information that has been collected subsequent to the work of Mr. Oliphant relative to that strange nation with which England is now seeking to establish permanent diplomatic and commercial relations. The reviewer points out very clearly the difficulties that are in the way of rendering those relations satisfactory. He recommends united action on the part of the European powers, as the surest means of producing an impression upon the governing powers in Japan. In dealing with the affairs of Italy, the position of that country, when raised to the rank of a powerful kingdom, is shown to be, from its very nature,

friendly towards Austria (once that power shall have parted with Venetia), and in rivalry with France—both politically and commercially.—The first article in the *British Quarterly* is devoted to the same theme as the last article in the *Quarterly*—"the Essays and Reviews," published by the Messrs. Parker, and is entitled "The New Move in Oxford." In an article upon "Abortive Legislation," the *British Quarterly* falls into two strange mistakes with reference to Lord John Russell's "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill." It is first said it "was the only measure of importance that passed in the session of 1852;" and next, that "the Queen came down in state that so grand a measure might receive the royal assent in person, amid a flourish of trumpets, and the significant sponsorship of the Garter King at Arms." Neither statement is correct. "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill" was debated and passed in the session of 1851, and the Queen did not come down to the House of Lords to sanction it. The bill was passed with a variety of other measures on the same night, the royal assent being signified in the usual commonplace way by commissioners, and one of these commissioners was an Irish peer—the Marquis Clanricarde.—The *Family Treasury of Sunday Reading*, is a pious monthly miscellany, edited by the Rev. Andrew Cameron. It is sufficient to name such a publication, so conducted, to ensure a welcome for it amongst religious families.—The past month has seen the issue of a new *Natural History Review*, a quarterly journal of biological science. Some years ago a periodical appeared under the same title, but which, we believe, succumbed at the second volume. With the names of Huxley, Busk, Selater, Wyville, Thompson, and others of high repute enrolled on its staff the present issue ought to be successful. Amongst the original articles in this opening number is one by Professor Huxley on the much-vexed question of the zoological relations of man with the lower animals, and an interesting note on an organ in the common skate apparently homologous to the electrical organ of the torpedo. In one of the reviews the present state of knowledge of the lowest group of animals—the Protozoa, is lucidly detailed. There are other papers of interest, and the present series will apparently rank with the best of our purely scientific periodicals.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

On Capital Punishment for Murder. An Essay, by Lord Hobart. London: Parker, Son, & Bourn, West Strand.—An able argument for the abolition of capital punishment upon persons convicted for murder. A single sentence from this Essay will show that the author does not attempt to conceal from his readers the difficulty of the task he has undertaken:—"Speaking generally, there is no doubt that the expectation of death will operate with far more effect to deter from crime, than the same degree of expectation of any other punishment such as would be possible in modern times."

The Picture History of England; in Eighty beautiful Engravings, accompanied by an Historical Summary, suited to the capacities of youth. London and New York: Cassell, Potter, & Galpin.—The most effective manner of impressing the great facts of history upon the minds of children is by means of pictures; but scrupulous care should be taken in the selection of the pictures that they represent none other than indisputable facts. Such, we suppose, was the intention with the editors of the present work; and yet they have given us an illustration, "Edgar the Pacific rowed down the Dee by eight princes." There can be no doubt that such a circumstance is said to have occurred, but the assertion of the monkish annalists is controverted by later writers. From the times of the ancient inhabitants, the Britons, whose occupation of England is represented by a picture of the old druidical temple at Stonehenge, down to the signing of the general peace in 1815, the young are conducted through the most striking passages in English history. It is a good idea, effectively carried out. A neater or a more useful present could not be made to an intelligent child.

Tchinovicks. Translated from the Russian by Frederick Aston. London: L. Booth, 307, Regent-street. A collection of tales originally written in the Russian language, and translated by Mr. Aston. The term "Tchinovicks" is applied to "the Civil Service" in Russia, and embraces that whole host of official personages constituting "the bureaucracy" of the empire. Any one who has ever been brought in unpleasant contact with the "bureaucracy" of France, Germany, or Italy, is aware how that which is in itself "disagreeable" can be rendered "intolerable" by the insolence and ignorance of a French, German, or Italian "bureaucrat." The latest and most glaring instance of the impertinent tyranny and bungling stupidity of those officials was afforded by the Prussian police, in their treatment of Captain McDonald at Bonn. If we are to believe the author of "Tchinovicks," all the evils that are to be found in the bureaucratic régime on the Continent, not only exist in Russia, but are there aggravated by a gross and scandalous system of bribery, which pervades all grades of the civil service, from the lowest up to the very highest persons in each rank. An attempt was made to prohibit the circulation of these tales in Russia; but the censorship-restriction with which they were visited was removed by the reigning emperor, Alexander II., to whom full praise is given for the reforms he is seeking to establish in all parts of his dominions.

Photographs of Paris Life. By Chroniqueuse. London: William Tinsley, 314, Strand. This book professes to be "a record of the Politics, Art, Fashion, and Anecdote of Paris during the past eighteen months." It appears to be a collection of letters, originally written for publication in a newspaper, by a lady. Why such letters were deemed worthy of being put in the permanent form of a volume we cannot guess. It is difficult to determine which is the most antiquated—an old newspaper or an old book of fashions.

Mists and Shadows. By George E. Sargent, author of "The Marsdens," &c. London: Henry James Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria-lane, Paternoster-row. We lately reviewed a book by Mr. Sargent, and felt pleasure in commending it in the terms it fully deserved. If the present work appeared to be equally good, our duty would be to bestow praise upon it, but as to "Mists and Shadows," we are compelled to let them pass away into obscurity.

Ploughing and Sowing; or, Annals of an Evening School in a Yorkshire Village, and the Work that grew out of it. By a Clergyman's Daughter. Edited by the Rev. F. Digby Legard. London: J. & C. Mozley, 6, Paternoster-row; Masters & Co., 78, New Bond-street. This is a very curious and interesting little work. It is "the history of a night-school, conducted entirely by a lady, in her father's parish, a purely agricultural village. The remarkable feature of it is the combination of the missionary field-work with the teaching in school." The main purpose aimed at is the enlightenment of that least intellectual class in the community—ploughboys and youthful agricultural labourers. It shows how much good may be done in such a case by a lady. Truly is it observed by the Rev.

Digby Legard in the preface: "Woman's sphere is wider than we think, and woman's influence is perhaps stronger than we like to allow."

Earning a Living; or, From Hand to Mouth—Scenes from the Homes of working people. By M. A. S. Barber. London: James Nisbet & Co., Berners-street. A well-intentioned book, the pious object of which, we fear, may be marred by the frontispiece—a wood engraving, entitled "Women's Work in the Church of Christ," and representing a comely, well-fed, fashionable dame, in an *Eugenie* little bonnet, and a full-blown crinoline, dilating on the frivolities, vanities, and luxuries of this world, to an audience of half-starved old paupers in the men's ward of a workhouse! The lady looks like a hypocrite, and the old fellows who are listening to her as if they knew her to be so.

Handbook of the Court, the Peerage, and the House of Commons. Eleventh Year. London: P. S. King, 34, Parliament-street, Westminster; Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. This valuable handbook is corrected to January, 1861, from information supplied by the members of both Houses.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Griffin, Bohn, & Co. commence some important publications on the 1st of February. The first part of the "Family Hogarth;" the whole work to be illustrated with 150 steel engravings, to be edited by James Hannay, and descriptions by Dr. Trussler and E. F. Roberts. To be completed in forty-two parts. The first volume of a new edition of "The Circle of the Sciences;" a series of popular treatises on the Natural and Physical Sciences, illustrated with many thousand engravings on wood; with an introductory Essay by Lord Brougham. To be completed in nine monthly volumes. The first part of a new and revised edition of the "Illustrated Family Gazetteer," by James Bryce, LL.D. The first part of a new edition of "The Illustrated Family Shakespeare," edited by Thomas Bowdler, F.R.S. The first volume of a new edition of "The Stratford Shakespeare," edited by Charles Knight. Part 13 will also make its appearance, of Henry Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor;" a work always valuable, but more especially at the present time, when public attention is so much given to the present state of the poor and the working classes. Mr. Mayhew's long promised "Young Benjamin Franklin" has just made its appearance in the literary world.

"The English Gentleman's Library" is the title of a new series of works about to be published by Mr. Bohn, with portraits and plates; commencing with Mr. Peter Cunningham's "Entire Correspondence of Horace Walpole." Among the earliest volumes will be a new edition of the "Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague," by Mr. W. Moy Thomas. The work will comprise the whole contents of Lord Wharncliffe's edition, and will give the celebrated Letters from the East, printed for the first time from the copy in Lady Mary's own handwriting.

Mr. Hargrave Jennings' new work, entitled "Curious Things of the Outside World," will be ready in a few days, published by Messrs. Boone & Co., of New Bond-street.

"The Castle and the Cottage in Spain" is the title of a new work, by Lady Wallace, about to be published by Messrs. Saunders & Otley.

Mr. Booth, of Regent Street, announces a fourth and cheaper edition of Mr. Pycroft's "Twenty Years in the Church."

Messrs. Sampson Low & Son will issue immediately Part VIII. of the "Index to Current Literature," comprising a reference, under author and subject, to every book published in the English language. Also to articles in science, literature, and art, in the weekly, monthly, and quarterly reviews, by Mr. Sampson Low. The same firm also announce the "Memoir of Abraham Lincoln," the President-elect of the United States. Mr. Alexander Holley has a book in the press with the above firm, entitled "Railway Practice, European and American," comprising the economical generation of steam, including the materials and construction of coal-burning boilers, combustion, the variable blast, vaporization, circulation, super-heating, supplying and heating feed-time. Messrs. Low also announce a new edition, illustrated by Gilbert, of the "Dead Secret," by Wilkie Collins.

Among the numerous school and educational books now being issued, may be mentioned, "A Companion to Wrigley's Collection of Examples and Problems," by J. Platts and the Rev. A. Wrigley, which Messrs. Deighton & Bell have in the press. Also, "The Student's Manual of Ancient Geography," founded upon Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography," to be published by Messrs. Walton & Maberly early next month.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall also announce a "History of England," by A. F. Foster, for the use of schools and young persons.

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black announce a new edition of Kitto's "Cyclopedia and Biblical Literature," edited by W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D.

Mr. Tinsley has issued a new and cheap edition of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Chronicles of the Crutch."

Messrs. Longman have in the press the fifth volume of Lord Macaulay's "History of England," edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. This last volume will contain the continuation of the history so far as the manuscript was left revised by the author. A complete index to the entire work will be given in this volume.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall will commence, on the 1st of February, a new edition of Mr. Charles Dickens' works, illustrated with the whole of the original plates, to be continued monthly.

In reference to a new work announced a few weeks back in the "List of New Books," entitled "The Bride of Christ," supposed to have been written by Miss Marsh, that lady has written to the Editor of THE LONDON REVIEW, denying the authorship; stating that only "Four pages of preface out of the whole book belongs to her."

Mr. H. Woolley, of Moulton, is preparing for the metropolitan press a series of tales of local and general interest. The first will be a tale of the Lincolnshire Marshes, entitled "The Old Guide House."

M. Saint-Marc Girardin has announced a pamphlet, entitled "The Decree of November 24, 1860; or, the Reform of the Constitution of 1852."

Aleide Dusollier appears in print with a strange title, viz., "This is not a Book."

Jules Lecomte's new work is entitled "Charity in Paris."

Messrs. Leigh & Sotheby have a sale, on Monday, January 28, and the four following days, of the valuable library of the late Oriental scholar, Horace Hayman Wilson, Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, comprising the best works in Sanskrit and other Oriental literature. They have also a sale on Saturday, February 2nd, consisting of the interesting reprints and fac-similes illustrative of early English and Shaksperian Literature.

The great American sale, which we announced as to take place on January 23rd, by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, has been unavoidably postponed.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM JANUARY 18TH TO JANUARY 24TH.

- Beard (Charles). Port Royal: a Contribution to the History of Religion and Literature in France. 2 vols. Post 8vo. cloth. £1. 4s.
- Buckingham and Chandos (Duke of). Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Victoria. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. £1. 10s.
- Birch (Dr. S. B.). On Constipated Bowels. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Brodhurst (B. E.). Practical Observations of Diseases of the Joints. 8vo. cloth. Third edition. 4s. 6d.
- Brookes (R.). A General Gazetteer. Revised and corrected to the present time. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.
- Chamber's Encyclopædia. Royal 8vo. cloth. Vol. II. 9s.
- (R.). Domestic Annals of Scotland from Revolution of 1688 to Revolution of 1745. Vol. III. Royal 8vo. cloth. 16s.
- Library for Young People. Second Series. Vol. I. Alice Errol. Cloth. 1s.
- Dod's Parliamentary Companion, 1861. 32mo. cloth. 4s. 6d.
- Peerage, 1861. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.
- Dumas (Alexander). Catherine Blum. "Railway Library." Vol. CCXVI. Fcap. 8vo. boards. 1s.
- Flower (W. H.). Diagrams of the Nerves of the Human Body. Folio. bds. 14s.
- Gaistin (Major-Gen.). Treatise on Rivers and Torrents. Translated from Paul Frisi. Weale's Series. Vols. CXXI. and CXXII. Fcap. cloth. 2s. 6d.
- Goodday's (H.). Successful Treatment of Influenza. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d.
- Hoffman (Franz). The Orphans, a Tale for Youth. 12mo. cloth. 1s. 6d.
- Here a Little and There a Little. By a Mother. 18mo. cloth. 2s.
- Jones (Dr. M. P.) on Sore Throat. Post 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Johns (Rev. C.). A Manual of Prayers. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d.
- Jimman (G.) on the Winds and their Courses. 5s.
- Jennings (H.). Curious Things of the Outside World. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. £1. 1s.
- Kind Words to my Cottage Friends. 18mo. cloth. 1s.
- Keene (J. B.). A Handbook of Practical Gauging. Post 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d.
- Kirby (Mary and Elizabeth). Plants of the Land and Water. 18mo. cloth. 3s.
- Caterpillars, Butterflies, and Moths. 12mo. (The Observing Eye Series). 2s.
- Little Annie; or, is Church Time a Happy Time? 18mo. cloth. 2nd edition. 1s. 6d.
- Lytton (Sir E. B.). Rienzi. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d.
- Moore (D.). Thoughts on Preaching, in Relation to the Requirements of the Age. Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.
- Mitchell (E. H.). Wild Thyme Verses. 12mo. cloth. 5s.
- Maurice (F. D.). Lectures on the Apocalypse. Crown 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.
- Newton (Rev. R.). The Giants, and how to fight them. 16mo. cloth. 1s.
- Notes and Queries. Vol. X. Second Series. 4to. cloth. 10s. 6d.
- Oxenden (Rev. A.). Fervent Prayer. 18mo. cloth. 3rd edition. 1s. 6d.
- Pulleyn (W.). The Portfolio of Origins and Inventions. Revised and Improved. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s.
- Ponsonby (Lady E.). Katherine and her Sisters. 3 vols. Post 8vo. cloth. £1. 11s. 6d.
- Revell (S.). Agnes Macartney; or, the Orphan of Le Mid. 18mo. cloth. 1s.
- Reid (Rev. C.). Streams from Lebanon. 5th thousand. Crown 8vo. cloth. 4s.
- Routledge's Shakespeare. Reissue of First Monthly Part. 1s.
- Spurgeon (Rev. C. H.). Sermons. 8vo. cloth. Vol. VI. 7s.
- Smith (Horace). Pilate's Wife's Dream and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d.
- Smith (Rev. R. H.). The Cartoons of Raphael. New edition. 4to. cloth. 8s. 6d.
- Sacred Songs of Scotland. Old and New. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d.
- Thomson (Rev. W.). Sermons preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.
- The Holy Bible, with D'Oyley and Mant's Notes, in 3 vols. Royal 8vo. cloth. £1. 1s.
- The Home Friend. Post 8vo. cloth. Vol. I. to IV. Each 2s.
- Wilson (William). Gathered Together. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s.
- Worcester's New Comprehensive Dictionary. Post 8vo. cloth. 6s.
- Watson (Rev. J. S.). Sons of Strength and Wisdom. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.
- Wade (H.). Halcyon; or, Rod-Fishing with Fly, Minnow, and Worm. Plates. Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.

THE THREE SCLAVONIANS.—Many, many years ago, there lived in Slavonia a man who had three sons. One day he called them all before him, and addressed them in this guise:—"My dear boys, you have now arrived at years of discretion, and it is fully time for you to go forth on your travels, and see the world. There is one country I should, above all, wish you to visit, for so rich a land is it, that the very wagtails bathe in wine, and all the houses are built of sausages; but if you want to make a fortune there, you must on no account forget to learn the language of the inhabitants." The three youths listened with marvellous pleasure to the description of that wonderful land, and were anxious to set out on their journey without delay. Their father went with them as far as the top of a very high mountain—so high, indeed, they were three days going up it; but, on reaching the summit, they soon forgot their fatigue on learning that they were now on the borders of the happy land. Here their father, after hanging an empty pouch round the neck of each one, and exclaiming, "Behold Hungary!" in as triumphant a tone as though he had given them the key of universal happiness, took a hearty farewell of them, and trudged off down the mountain back to his home, and they marched on towards Hungary resolving to learn Hungarian as fast as they could, according to their father's advice. Hardly had they reached the border, when they met a man who called out to ask them where they were going, and what they were about to do. "We are going to Hungary," replied they, "and we want to learn Hungarian."—"Don't go any further, then, my children," answered the man; "for if you stop three days with me you will learn more than you would with a year's study elsewhere; so, if you really want to learn Hungarian quickly, let me be your teacher." The three youths willingly accepted his offer, and on the third day the eldest brother had managed to learn these words, *mi harman* (we three); the second, *egy sajtert* (for a cheese); and the youngest, *az az igazság* (that's the truth). They were so delighted at knowing these words that they set out on their journey again without caring to learn any more, doubtless thinking that they knew quite enough of the language for all useful purposes. They were passing through a gloomy forest, when all of a sudden they came upon the body of a murdered man, and on examining it, found, to their great horror and surprise, that it was no other than their host from whom they had parted but a short time before. While they were lamenting over the corpse, up came the forest keeper and his men, and began questioning them as to who had committed the murder. The eldest brother, not being able to say anything else, replied, "*Mi harman*" (we three). "And why did you do it?" inquired the keeper. "*Egy sajtert*" (for a cheese), promptly answered the second. "Seize the wretches and bind them if this be true!" cried the keeper; and immediately the third said, "*Az az igazság*" (it's the truth). So the keeper and his men bound and dragged away the luckless youths, meaning to come back afterwards and fetch the corpse, but the moment they were out of sight, the dead man jumped up, shook himself, and reassuming his proper shape—that of a long-horned, long-tailed, smoky devil,—went off into a fit of malicious laughter at the scrape he had led the poor foolish youths into.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

- 8½ P.M. Geographical—Burlington House. Papers to be read: "North Atlantic Telegraph;" 1. Surveys of the "Bulldog," by Captain Sir F. L. McClintock, R.N., F.R.G.S., &c.; 2. Surveys of the "Fox," by Captain Allen Young, F.R.G.S.; 3. Explorations in the Faroes and Iceland, by Dr. John Rae, F.R.G.S.; 4. The Fjords of South Greenland, by T. J. Taylor, Esq.; 5. Electric Circuits, by Colonel Shaffner, F.R.G.S., &c. &c.
- 8 " British Architects—9, Conduit-street, Hanover-square. "Special Meeting for discussion of the various processes for the Preservation of Stone."
- 8 " Entomological—12, Bedford-row.
- 7 " Actuaries—12, St. James's-square.
- 8½ " Medical—32A, George-street, Hanover-square. Dr. Thudichum, "On the Physiological and Therapeutic Effects of the Turkish Bath."
- 7 " London Institution—Finsbury-circus. Dr. Lankester, "On Animal Substances used in the Arts—Soap and Candles."

TUESDAY.

- 8½ " Medical and Chirurgical—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street.
- 8 " Civil Engineers—25, Great George-street, Westminster. Renewed discussion on Mr. Braithwaite's Paper—"On the Rise and Fall of the River Wandle."
- 3 " Royal Institution—Albemarle-street. Professor Owen—"On Fishes"—(Second Lecture—"Osteology of Fishes").
- 8 " Government School of Mines—Jermyn-street. Professor Tyndall—"On Magnetic and Electrical Phenomena." (Fourth Lecture.)

WEDNESDAY.

- 8 " Society of Arts—John-street, Adelphi. Wentworth L. Scott, Esq. "On Food; its Adulterations, and the Methods of Detecting them."
- 7 " London Institution—Finsbury Circus. E. W. Brayley, Esq. "On Physical Geography and Geology—North and South America."

THURSDAY.

- 8½ " Royal Society—Burlington House. 1. "On Systems of Linear Indeterminate Equations and Congruences," by H. J. Stephen Smith, Esq.; 2. "Contributions to the Physiology of the Liver," by F. W. Pavy, M.D.
- 8½ " Antiquaries—Somerset House.
- 3 " Royal Institution, Albemarle-street—Professor Tyndall. "On Electricity." (Second Lecture.)
- 8 " Fine Arts—9, Conduit-street, W. Mr. J. Stewart, "On Portraiture."

FRIDAY.

- 8 " Royal Institution—Albemarle-street. Rev. Alex. J. D. D'Orsay, "On the Study of the English Language as an essential part of an University Course."
- 4 " Archaeological Institution, 26, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East.

SATURDAY.

- 3 " Asiatic, 5, New Burlington-street.
- 3 " Royal Institution—Albemarle-street. Edward Frankland, Esq., "On Inorganic Chemistry." (Second Lecture.)

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